PENTHOUSE
LIFE ON TOP
SPECIAL
Valentine's
Day
ISSUE
PET OF
THE MONTH
KENNA
JAMES
STREET-
WEAR CZAR
RUSS
KARABLIN'S
DYNAMIC
POP
SHOTS
PENTHOUSE.COM
FEBRUARY 2015
$8.99 U.S.
$8.99
02>
15
0 71486 02242 8

WeedDomain Rentals.com
JointLovers.com
MARIJUANAMD.com
MJBIZWIRE

ATE MY STRAINS .com
Marijuana Selfies
WeedDepot.com Directory. Marketplace.®
420 CAREERS
MARIJUANA RECIPES.COM

Northsight Capital, Inc. (OTCBB: NCAP) - info@weeddepot.com

CONTENTS

PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 2015

Pet of the Month Kenna James page 56

FULL FRONTAL

11 A quick-hits guide to entertainment.

LIFE ON TOP

HEALTH AND FITNESS
15 FOUR REASONS ...
... why you should exercise with your lover. By Joe Vennare

AUTO FOCUS
18 MONO BLAST
The BAC Mono. By Jonathan Ward

TECH
20 OBJECTS OF DESIRE
Gear up for romance on Valentine's Day. By Crispin Boyer

SCOUNDREL
21 VD DILEMMA
How to turn a first date into a sure thing.

THE POUR HOUSE
22 CUCKOO FOR COCOA BEER
In lieu of chocolates, celebrate with chocolate beer. By Joshua Bernstein

JOYSTICK
23 GAME OF THE MONTH
The perfect date game for a cooperative V-Day massacre. By Crispin Boyer

PICTORIALS

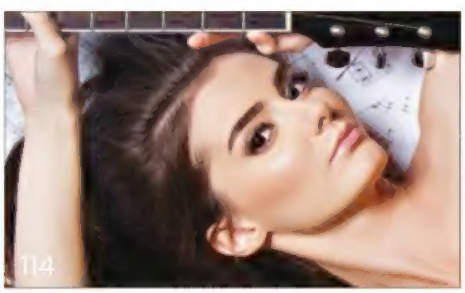
25 POP SHOTS
SSUR creator Ruslan Karablin art directs an erotic pictorial starring Lena Nicole and Layla Sin.

56 HOME, JAMES
Pet of the Month Kenna James

78 SHE'S OUR DESTINY
Destiny

96 TRIPLE PLAY
Aspen, Uma & Georgia

114 SHEET ROCK
Noemi



CONTENTS

PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 2015

COLUMNS

HOUSECALL
4 EDITOR'S NOTE

FORUM
6 READERS' EXPLOITS

GAMETIME
38 FIVE QUESTIONS ...
... to ponder while watching the Super Bowl. By John Bolster

WARRIOR WIRE
40 DOLLARS & SENSE
Supporting the troops tugs at our heartstrings and wallets, but not all nonprofits are created equal. By Jennifer Peters

STAND-UP GUYS
52 EVERYTHING IS ILLUMINATED
W. Kamau Bell. Interview by John Bolster

SEX ACADEMY
76 THE HOTTEST VALENTINE'S GIFT EVER
Increase your sexual skills, and your satisfaction, by learning the art of happy endings for you and your lovers. By Dr. Ava Cadell

BUNNY TALES
88 CHRISTINA ANTOINETTE
Introducing one of the lovely ladies of the Moonlite Bunny Ranch.

PET CONFIDENTIAL
106 THE STARR SISTERS
Penthouse Pet Sam Phillips profiles Pets Natasha and Natalia Starr.

HARD NEWS
110 SLIPPERY WHEN WET
A roundup of lubes that features something for every preference. By Christine Colby

SEX ED.
112 DOES MUSIC GET WOMEN IN THE MOOD?
By Martin Downs, MPH

PARTING SHOT
134 EVERYTHING IS COMING UP ROSES
A look back at Bree Olson's 2008 *Penthouse* cover, with previously unpublished photos from her centerfold shoot.

FEATURES

34 CANNABIS CLUSTERFUCKS
Medical marijuana is increasingly being legalized, but government is making it difficult for patients to get their hands on it. By David Bienenstock

44 FIFTY SHADES OF SEXY
Penthouse models in skimpy new lingerie and captivating fetish gear.

48 SLEEPER AGENTS
Joseph Weisberg, creator of *The Americans,* gives us a top-secret glimpse into season three. Interview by Craig Modderno

50 SAFER SEXT
Tips for keeping naked selfies and homemade porn private and secure. By Violet Blue

72 WATCHING THE DETECTIVES
Private investigators still operate, tackling the cases cops can't—or won't. By Matt Caputo

90 SEXPERIMENTATION
One intrepid sexpert uses sex swings, a vibrator, and an online sex tip to learn some valuable lessons. By Rachel Khona

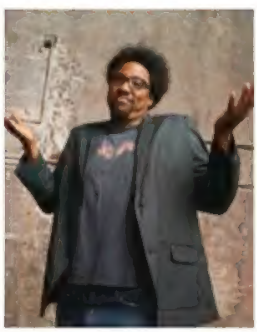
PHOTOGRAPHS BY (34) DAVID MCNEW/GETTY IMAGES, (52) MATTHIAS CLAMER/FX

HUF

#HUFCLASSIC... NOW AVAILABLE

HUFWORLDWIDE.COM

EDITOR'S NOTE



Clockwise from top left: Our celebrity guest for Pop Shots, Russ Karablin, flanked by Lena Nicole (left) and Penthouse Pet Layla Sin; sexual adventurer Rachel Khona; comedian W. Kamau Bell; our new digital publication, *Rack Attack: Top-Popping Brunettes*, with cover model/Penthouse Pet Shay Laren.

POP SHOTS

For more than 20 years, Ruslan "Russ" Karablin has used his company's clothing to bring an artistic aesthetic to the street. Now the creator of SSUR applies his creativity, experience, and vision to the task of directing an erotic pictorial starring Lena Nicole and Penthouse Pet Layla Sin—a job he was happy to take on. "I've always been into pinups and the magazine itself," he tells us. "[To have] the opportunity to oversee a production and be able to handpick the models, the location, the context, and all of that. And the fact that it was for *Penthouse* magazine? It's iconic." As iconic as Karablin's images, in fact, which you can check out starting on page 25; I'm sure you'll agree that the results are both sensual and sizzling.

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY

It's time to take the Hallmark holiday to new heights. First on the list: a roundup of *Penthouse* models showing off skimpy lingerie (page 44). Then we tell you why it's good for your sex life to work out with your girlfriend (page 15), wield tools around the house (page 112), and learn how to safeguard naughty photos (page 50). We explain why the right tech-y gift for her can be good for you (page 20), why chocolate beer isn't as gross as it sounds (page 22), and how to turn a first date into a sure thing (page 21). We even found a videogame that's perfect for couples (page 23), and did a roundup of new lubes that will meet your every need (page 110).

SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST

Of course, sometimes there are thorns among the roses. We also have a feature by Matt Caputo on private detectives, who, yes, still tend to earn their keep by spying on cheating partners. But the gig is about so much more than that, and that's where the real job satisfaction can be found (page 72).... In a special report by David Bienenstock, we detail how state and local governments are fucking up the job of getting medical marijuana into the hands of patients who desperately need it. Turns out, getting the legislation passed is just the beginning—and often the easy part (page 34).... Comedian W. Kamau Bell, who hosted a sociopolitical comedy show on FX called *Totally Biased With W. Kamau Bell*, is on tour this winter, casting a mirthful gleam on social issues, race relations, and family life. Interviewer John Bolster gets Bell's take on broadcast television, performing stand-up, and the plus side of having interracial kids (page 52).... In Warrior Wire, Jennifer Peters reports on vets-centric nonprofits, and explains why not all charities are created equal (page 40).... And our cartoonists continue to tackle social and political subjects with edgy style, especially Todd Francis (page 39).

THREE IS THE MAGIC NUMBER

In an additional nod to V-Day, we pulled together a trio of reports from our intrepid sexpert, Rachel Khona, so you can benefit from her experience (page 90).... But this month, as always, the highlight of the issue is the gorgeous girls. Our cover model, Kenna James, is our stunning Pet of the Month (page 56). Her supersexy centerfold pictorial is followed by Destiny (page 78) and Noemi (page 114), who have steamy photo layouts of their own. We also have a kinky bondag e-themed set with no fewer than three sexy models: Uma Jolie and Penthouse Pets Aspen Rae and Georgia Jones (page 96).

Plus, we have a trio of new digital publications available: From *Penthouse* comes *Rack Attack: Top-Popping Brunettes*, featuring 21 of our bustiest brown-haired Pets (PenthouseMagazine.com/brunettes); *Penthouse Letters* put together a wife-watching enhanced bonus issue that boasts almost two dozen tawdry tales and five hard-core scenes (PenthouseMagazine.com/wife2014); and *Penthouse Variations* released a special oral-themed enhanced issue with three hard-core scenes (PenthouseMagazine.com/oralxxx) to complement the recent *Penthouse Variations on Oral* release from Cleis Press (PenthouseMagazine.com/oral). I hope you enjoy them all!

PHOTOGRAPH BY (W. KAMAU BELL) MATTHIAS CLAMER/FX

GUARANTEED VALENTINE'S DAY DELIVERY!

1-866-768-6517 • www.bradfordexchange.com/19357

FREE PERSONALIZATION

Our Love IS FOREVER

PERSONALIZED PENDANT

3 Genuine White Sapphires
Solid Sterling Silver
18K Gold Plating

Personalize it with your names engraved forever... at no additional cost!

A FINE JEWELRY EXCLUSIVE FROM THE BRADFORD EXCHANGE

The symbol of infinity—what a beautiful way to express a love that truly is forever! The *"Our Love is Forever" Personalized Pendant* is a unique jewelry creation customized just for you—available only from The Bradford Exchange.

Hand-crafted in solid sterling silver, this exclusive design features a striking two-toned infinity symbol in silver and 18K gold plating. Dangling from the center are 3 genuine white sapphires representing *"Today"*, *"Tomorrow"* and *"Always"*. The gemstones sparkle from illusion settings that graduate in size.

Plus the pendant is personalized with the two names of your choice. An 18" solid sterling silver chain completes the beautiful look. What a stunning way to celebrate a special bond!

Exceptional Value... Available for a Limited Time

This pendant is a superb value at $119*, payable in 4 easy installments of $29.75 and backed by our 120-day guarantee. To reserve, send no money now; just mail the Reservation Application today!

©2014 BGE 01-19357-001-BIV15

We must receive your initial payment by 2/5/15 to guarantee Valentine's Day delivery. Call 1-866-768-6517 or visit www.bradfordexchange.com/19357

RESERVATION APPLICATION **SEND NO MONEY NOW**

THE BRADFORD EXCHANGE – JEWELRY –

P.O. Box 806, Morton Grove, IL 60053-0806

YES. Please reserve the *"Our Love is Forever" Pendant* for me as described engraved as indicated in the boxes below.

(Max 10 letters per name)

Signature _____

Mrs. Mr. Ms. _____
Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

E-Mail (optional) _____

01-19357-001-E49301

*Plus $9.98 shipping and service. Sales subject to product availability and order acceptance.

F2F MEETING

Last month, I was chatting with Alison, one of my online friends. Though we seemed really comfortable chatting and emailing and I knew we lived only a short distance from each other, we'd never taken that next step to meet face-to-face. Then, one email with an attachment changed everything.

Alison and I both suffer from insomnia, and late one night, after exchanging several dirty jokes, things took a different turn. One minute we were flirting, and the next we were swapping photos. These images were from the neck down, so I still didn't know what Alison's face looked like, but her body was nothing short of gorgeous. She had full breasts, a slim waist, shapely hips, and plump pussy lips. In the picture, she was sitting on a toilet, masturbating. She'd mentioned that she loved oral sex, and I'd told her I did as well. Several provocative emails later, we called it a night.

The next morning, Alison emailed me her phone number. As soon as I got to the office, I called her and suggested we get together for drinks at the end of the week. She said she didn't know if she could wait two whole days to meet me, adding, "I wish I was sitting on your desk with my legs spread wide for you to see how wet I am right now."

I told her to hold on while I went to lock my office door. There's a lot to be said for phone sex, and I can get quite creative with the right motivation—and Alison was motivating the hell out of me. I sat back down and told her I wished she could see how hard I was for her, and how slippery my cock was getting from all the pre-come. Alison said she doesn't just love to be on the receiving end of good oral, but she enjoys giving it, and that she couldn't wait to taste my cream.

Five minutes later—after we'd agreed to no more contact until we met at a hotel in Midtown—I was cleaning my dick with a handkerchief and wondering how many times I was going to jerk off to the memory of Alison's voice before Friday.

I don't know how I made it through the next two days, but at 6 P.M. on Friday I was sitting at the hotel bar, nursing a beer and watching the doorway. Just then, I got a text from Alison, telling me she'd left a key card for me at the front desk.

Abandoning my half-finished beer, I crossed the lobby, picked up the key from the desk, and rode the elevator up to the 20th floor with my cock ready to explode. Sparing a quick glance at the sign on the wall with room numbers and arrows, I turned left and speed walked down the hall to room 2021, swiped the card, and went inside.

Alison was standing in the middle of the room, wearing just a robe. She was nothing like I'd imagined, with her blonde hair long and loose around her shoulders and librarian glasses, but that body I'd recognize anywhere.

We spent the entire weekend in the hotel room, screwing till late Sunday night.

She immediately shed the robe and walked toward the bed. I followed her, dropping clothes as I went. On the bed we began to kiss passionately, and while Alison's eager fingers played with my cock, I fingered her pussy. Before long, she maneuvered herself around so I was deep in her mouth and her pussy was in my face. I wrapped my arms around her and ate my fill till she came, screaming around my dick. The vibrations sent me over the edge, and Alison got her mouthful of hot cream.

We spent the entire weekend in the hotel room, screwing and ordering food and champagne till late Sunday night. When we went our separate ways, there was no "when am I going to see you" from either of us—just an understanding that there would be more phone sex and possibly some webcam action in the future.—*M.L., New York*

More letters on page 122

Forum letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.

AGENDA
TRADE SHOW
LONG BEACH JAN 5-6
NEW YORK JAN 19-20
LAS VEGAS FEB 16-18
AgendaShow.com | @AgendaShow | /AgendaShow

PENTHOUSE®

U.S. EDITION

PUBLISHER
ANDREW CONRU, PHD

MANAGING DIRECTOR, BROADCAST, LICENSING & PUBLISHING
KELLY HOLLAND

EDITORIAL
Executive Editor: BARBARA RICE THOMPSON
Managing Editor: CHRISTINE COLBY
Features Editor: JOHN BOLSTER
Senior Editor: DEIRDRE M. GOLDBECK
Contributing Editors: ERIC DANVILLE, BILL HEALD, JENNIFER PETERS

ART
Art Director, Publishing Group: JOHN AROCHO
Art Director: JOHN FARACI
Designers: PIERRE BAGWELL-GREEN, CASSIANNE GIAMMARINO
Photo Researcher: RACHEL HATCH

PRODUCTION
Vice President, Art, Manufacturing & Production: MICHAEL TANG
Production Manager: MARIO IANNOTTA
Photo Retoucher: GIL VELEZ
Graphic Production Assistant: JOSHUA K. NAHAS
Production Assistant: PAMELA ORTIZ

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING
Associate Publisher: RICH MCENTEE
Advertising Inquiries: ADSALES@FFN.COM

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING/INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS
Director, Global Clubs Licensing: JEFF STOLLER
Director, Licensing: AMANDA BYRD
Licensing Inquiries: LICENSING@FFN.COM
International Subscriptions: HTTP://INTL.PENTHOUSE.COM

CIRCULATION
ProCirc, LLC:
646-307-7765

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE
20 Broad Street, 14th Floor
New York NY 10005
212-702-6000
FAX: 212-702-6262

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING OFFICE
Los Angeles CA
310-280-1900

READER INFORMATION

TO ORDER A PRINT SUBSCRIPTION: For 12 issues, please send a U.S.-drawn bank check or money order for $32 ($56 for foreign residents) to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235. To order by credit card, call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or visit PenthouseMagazine.com. From Canada or elsewhere in the world, call 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) between 8 A.M. and midnight Eastern Standard Time, Monday through Friday, or from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. on weekends. Closed holidays.

TO ORDER A DIGITAL SUBSCRIPTION: Visit PenthouseMagazine.com/digital

TO SOLVE A PRINT SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEM: Write to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235, or call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) from outside the U.S. Hours are 8 A.M. to midnight weekdays, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. weekends (Eastern Standard Time). Closed holidays. You also can email us at Penthouse@emailcustomerservice.com. Editorial and advertising offices cannot resolve subscription problems.

TO CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS: We require eight weeks' advance notice of change of address (to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235) to ensure that delivery will not be interrupted. Be sure to include your old as well as your new address and zip code.

TO RENEW A PRINT SUBSCRIPTION: We must receive renewal payment two months before the expiration of your current subscription to ensure that you will not miss an issue. Renewal notices are first sent several months before subscriptions are due to expire. If you renew before your current subscription expires, the full term of that renewal will be added to your current subscription.

IF YOU PAID FOR A PRINT SUBSCRIPTION BUT ARE STILL GETTING BILLED: If you have paid a subscription bill and get another bill within four weeks, ignore the new bill. If you have paid a subscription bill more than four weeks before getting another bill, send proof of payment along with your bill to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235.

BACK ISSUES: To inquire about the availability and price of back issues, call 888-312-BACK. You must specify the issue precisely (e.g., June 2014); we cannot accurately locate back issues based only on such identification as a story title, a story's subject matter, or the picture on the cover. We have back issues available for the previous 12 months.

ARTICLE REPRINTS: To order reprints of articles, obtain permission to photocopy, or receive a copy of a past article, call 212-702-6000. Unauthorized reproduction of any portion of *Penthouse* text constitutes copyright infringement.

To email *Penthouse* editors:
PenthouseEditors@ffn.com

Brand Manager: Prestige Imports LLC (USA) Ph 844-LIFE ON TOP (844-543-3668)
World Export Contact: Melchers Groups (International) penthouse@melchers.nl

PENTHOUSE, the One Key Logo and "Life on Top" are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. and are used under license.

www.penthousespirits.com

Auckland
Baton Rouge
*Chicago
Denver
Detroit
Kharkov
Moscow
New Orleans
New York
Paris
Perth (Opening Jan. 2015)
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
San Francisco
St. Louis
Tampa
*Coming Soon
The PENTHOUSE Club
Where the Magazine Comes to Life!
The Penthouse Club - where you, your friends and business associates can relax in comfort talk business and dine in elegance.
Enjoy personalized service with a wide selection of champagne and wines, while you are entertained by the world's most beautiful women.
www.penthouseclubs.com

FULLFRONTAL

Mythic Tales

Who doesn't want to revisit all those bizarre experiments and gratuitous explosions? The *MythBusters* 10th Anniversary Collection includes 50 episodes chosen by the cast. Myth: There are loads of extras! Fact: There are none. But who needs a blooper reel when you're watching Buster the Crash-Test Dummy get smacked around repeatedly?

By Kara Wahlgren

QUICK PICKS

FLICKS

Blackhat

This big-budget thriller gives us a legit computer-programming supervillain. Chris Hemsworth stars as a convicted hacker who agrees to team up with the FBI and the Chinese government to take down a brutal international cyber-crime network. With Michael Mann at the helm, you can expect to see actual action instead of the usual hacker cliché of encrypted code scrolling across the screen.

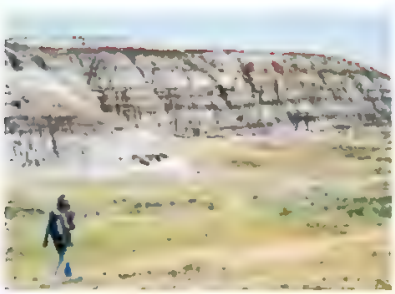
The Wedding Ringer

In this bromantic comedy—finally hitting theaters after being trapped in development hell for more than a decade—Kevin Hart stars as a professional best man for friendless losers, with Josh Gad as the groom in need. Sure, it's kind of a cross between *Hitch* and *I Love You, Man,* but Gad and Hart should make a pretty hilarious odd couple.

Mortdecai

Johnny Depp brings his special brand of weirdness to this film adaptation of the 1970s comedic book series about an assholish art dealer (and his manservant, Jock Strapp), on a mission to find a stolen painting. David Koepp directs, and the star-studded cast includes Gwyneth Paltrow, Olivia Munn, Aubrey Plaza, Ewan McGregor, Paul Bettany, and Jeff Goldblum.

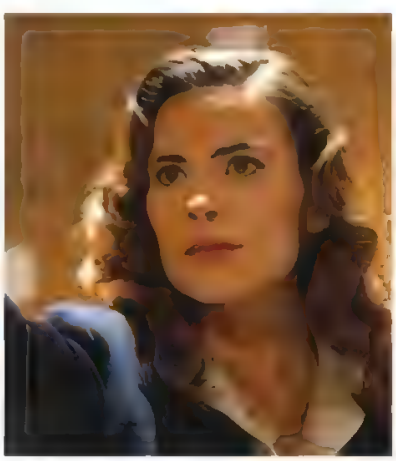
DVDs



Dinosaur 13

What happens after you dig up a T. rex? This documentary covers the ten years of red tape and bitter disputes that paleontologist Peter Larson went through after he led the excavation of "Sue," a near-perfect skeleton. Larson ultimately ends up fighting not only for the future of the fossil, but also for his own freedom.

TV



Agent Carter

We've already seen Hayley Atwell in the role of Peggy Carter a few times—in the Captain America movies, a few *Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D.* flashbacks, and a Marvel One-Shot bonus feature. In the new ABC series, we'll go deep into the backstory of Captain America's wartime love interest. The series is set in the 1940s, when Peggy is in a bad place: stuck doing admin work thanks to old-school sexism at the Scientific Strategic Reserve. Things get more interesting when she starts working for S.H.I.E.L.D.

Allegiance

Hope Davis stars as a former Russian spy who falls for her American recruit, moves to the States, and does the normal family thing ... until years later, when she's suddenly contacted for one last mission: to recruit her own son. The series was written by George Nolfi (the guy behind *Ocean's Twelve* and *The Adjustment Bureau*), so expect lots of fast-paced action and mindfuckery.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (*BLACKHAT*) LEGENDARY & UNIVERSAL PICTURES (*THE WEDDING RINGER*) MATT KENNEDY; (*MORTDECAI*) DAVID APPLEBY/LIONSGATE (*DINOSAUR 13*) COURTESY OF LIONSGATE; (*AGENT CARTER*) MARVEL/KATRIN HARCHINOWSKI; (*ALLEGIANCE*) WILL HART/NBC

SOUNDS

Papa Roach

F.E.A.R.

Fifteen years after Papa Roach released their triple-platinum rap-rock album *Infest*, they're back with their eighth—and this time, it's just plain *rock*. The title is an acronym for "Face Everything and Rise," and the band has said it's "probably the most positive record we've written."

The Decemberists

What a Terrible World, What a Beautiful World

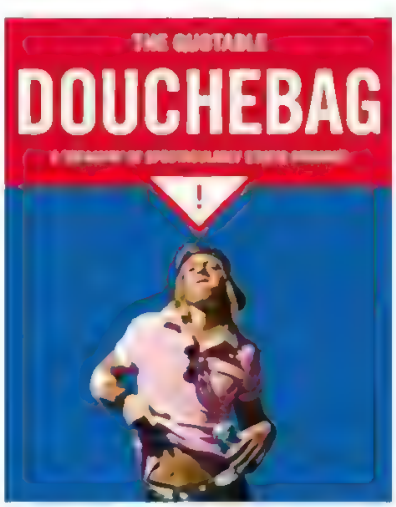
After a pretty weak attempt at a three-year break—they wrote a song for *The Hunger Games* and appeared on *The Simpsons* and *Parks and Recreation* during their "hiatus"—the folk rockers are officially back with their seventh studio album, which they say will be more introspective than their previous, character-driven releases.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PAPA ROACH) E. J. VENSEL MUSIC GROUP; (THE DECEMBERISTS) AUTUMN DE WILDE AND COURTESY OF (*MORTAL KOMBAT X*) DC COMICS; (*THE QUOTABLE DOUCHEBAG*) QUIRK BOOKS

READS

Mortal Kombat X

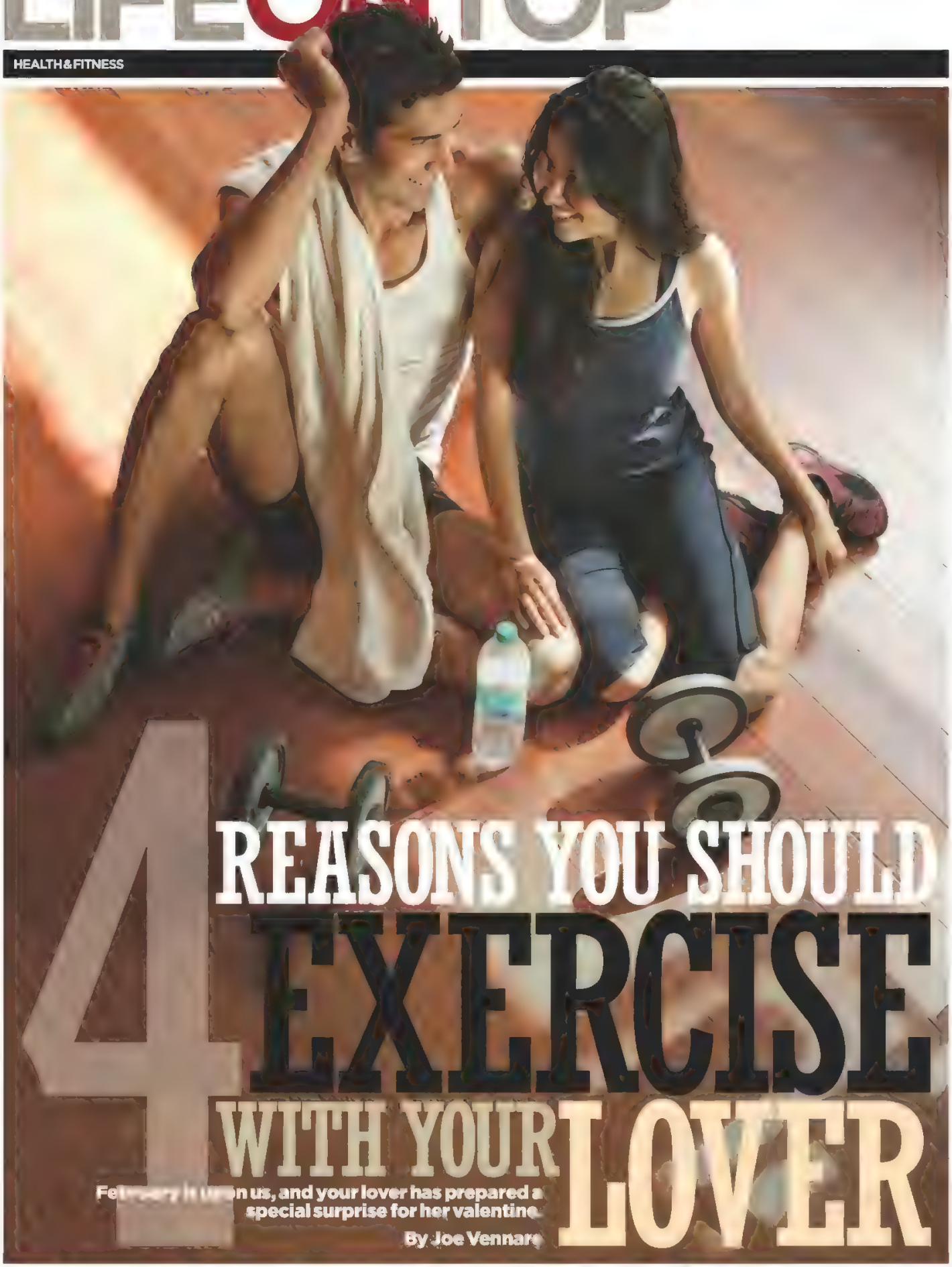
DC Entertainment is releasing a comic book that'll serve as a prequel to the much-anticipated game, due out in April. The book, written by Shawn Kittelsen, with art from Dexter Soy and covers by Ivan Reis, will give fanboys a sneak peek at some of the newest Kombatants.



The Quotable Douchebag

Need to lose your faith in humanity after all that holiday cheer? Grab this Kindle collection by Margaret McGuire of (sadly true) quotes from asshole musicians, dumb politicians, obnoxious athletes, and more.

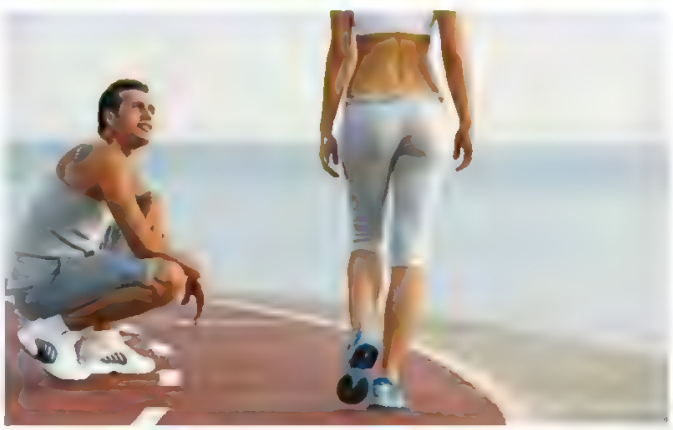
JOB SEARCH
• Adult Friend Finder
• Fast Cupid
• Perfect Match



4 REASONS YOU SHOULD EXERCISE WITH YOUR LOVER

February is upon us, and your lover has prepared a special surprise for her valentine.

By Joe Vennare



Getting fit with your lover is a surefire way to get fucked. It's like public foreplay, for God's sake.

Picture this: You're in a room with floor-to-ceiling mirrors. Your girlfriend is there, too. She's not naked, but she is wearing the sexiest little skintight outfit the world has ever seen. You're both covered in sweat, hearts pounding, ripe with anticipation. She's watching you in the mirror as you watch her bend over. You're both thinking about all the things you're going to do to each other—just as soon as you finish your workout.

Yeah, you're at the gym. Okay, so there's no surprise. Sorry about that. But there is some good news: Getting fit with your lover is a surefire way to get fucked. It's like public foreplay, for God's sake. Think about it. Watching and fantasizing over your lover's every move. The sweat, the tight clothes, the mirrors—that's all part of the deal. Of course, you'd already know that if you were working out with your lady friend.

Wait, let me guess—you're too cool for that. Or you don't have time to exercise because you're too busy watching Netflix. Or maybe you do hit the gym every now and again, but you go with your buddy and totally bro out. Well, that's better than nothing. But know this: Those girls you're eyeing up are not interested in you. Oh, and there's also the fact that you fear castration at the hands of a jealous, rage-filled girlfriend.

Cut the macho-man act. There's more upside to working out *with* your lover than going it alone, or eye-fucking every female in the place (creeper!). If you're not convinced, consider these four factors, which make a pretty stellar argument for regularly scheduled couples sweat sessions.

It counts as "us" time. Look, I know as well as you do that "us" time is total bullshit. "We need to spend more quality time together," she says. To which you respond, "Oh, for fuck's sake! Is this real life?"

I don't know your girlfriend, but I do know that's not going to end well. Instead of flipping your shit, just give your lady what she wants. "Sure, babe, let's go for a run together." Two wins here: You need to go for a run anyway, and she can't talk once she starts breathing heavily. I'm kidding, sort of.

In all seriousness, combining your workout and "us" time into one entity is an easy way to integrate some quality time into your day without having to watch a chick flick or shop for a new duvet cover (whatever that is).

You'll become a team. Do you know why companies make executives go on retreats together? Because it's a sick, tortuous joke? Yes! But there's more to it than that. Having a shared goal improves team dynamics, like better communication and knowing that someone has your back.

Of course, all of the things that make for a good leadership team also make for a good relationship. In this instance, the team consists of you and your lover, and the goal you both share is your workout. You're pushing one another, being supportive and encouraging, and helping each other be accountable to your fitness goals.

You get to show off. It doesn't matter if you're a Greek god or an average Joe; when she sees you working hard to get fit, sweating and lifting heavy things, she *will* get wet. It's a fact of life. She likes when you do manly things, and there are few things more manly than pumping iron and sculpting a better body—for her. Even if you're doing it for you, tell her, "I just want to look better for you, babe." (Panty dropper!)

Better still, since she's there watching, you're inclined to work harder and faster. You're doing stuff you didn't think possible, like setting new personal bests and pushing beyond your comfort zone. As a result, you're getting a better workout and fueling your ego. Well played, I'd say.

You'll have more sex! Since you both have been working out, you're looking hot, fit, toned, and sexy as fuck. Which is exactly what you do: fuck—and more often, in new positions, going longer and harder than you used to do. Especially after your workouts, where you just spent an hour or so watching her squat and lunge in her Spandex. Best part is, she was doing the same thing to you. So be ready for another workout when you get home. Thankfully, the gym workouts ensure you'll have the stamina required for round two.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PREVIOUS PAGE) ALEX MARES-MANTON/GETTY IMAGES. (TOP) MING HZ WU/GETTY IMAGES. (BOTTOM) MM PRODUCTIONS/CORBIS

CLEAR WEATHER

CLEARWEATHERBRAND.COM

MONO BLAST

If you're looking for something that lives in the realm of face-distorting, ear-numbing, epically powerful transportation, check out the BAC Mono.

By Jonathan Ward

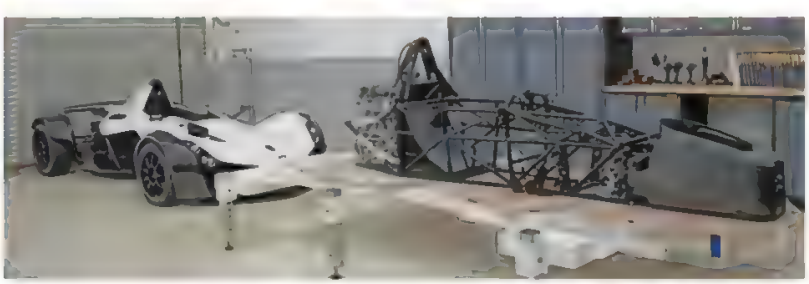
I get it. You have the family car, maybe the work truck, too. But you're itching for something a bit more ... *intense*. Something glorious to sling around the track every once in a while, and drive to work on occasion (taking the long way, of course). And maybe the wife said no to a motorcycle, or you've already ticked that box.

There are a number of cars that fit this niche. The famous Ariel Atom and the Lotus Type 125 are wildly fun. Perhaps you fancy a Noble M600, a Dodge Viper, or, perchance, the KTM X-Bow (good luck getting that one into the United States). And while all these unique vehicles shine in certain ways, when design is developed within such a narrow field of focus, you ultimately have to make considerable sacrifices. Most engineering efforts that seek such a high level of specific performance or utility involve a series of functional compromises. Consider the amphibious vehicle—one of the most remarkable examples of design and engineering failure. By trying to pray to two gods at once (the God of Street and the God of Water), these marvels of deficiency usually result in a vehicle that is equal parts half-assed boat and half-assed car.

When it comes to the brand-new BAC Mono, however—a vehicle that worships both the God of Speed and the God of Handling—I can't identify a single concession that's been made.

To really get a feel for the BAC Mono, I rode down to Temecula, California, to meet up with my good friend Shinoo Mapleton, CEO and president of Sector 111, the exclusive U.S. agent for this magical car. After a brief tutorial, I slid into the cockpit and headed out to some of the more remote canyons surrounding the showroom. It seemed like everyone aged 2 to 80 was drawn to the graceful and unique silhouette of the BAC Mono as we made our way out of town. I'm pretty sure they were all waxing poetic about the car, anyway, but I couldn't hear a damn thing through my helmet ... or over the bumblebee burbles of the rowdy motor.

This central-seat, carbon-fiber weapon actualized one of the most dynamic and visceral experiences I have ever had on four wheels. Although inching along in traffic is not where a machine like this belongs, once you understand the fundamentals of its sequential gearbox, the car exhibits surprisingly good manners. The rigid mounted engine ensures



you know that you're in a serious track car, tickling your lungs with vibration at low speeds. And since it weighs in at just over 1,450 pounds and boasts a Cosworth 280-horsepower, inline-four engine, a featherlight tap on the gas makes it feel as if you're being shot out of a cannon. Its perfect balance (48 percent front/52 percent rear) and twin wishbone suspension that's running SACHS RDS formula dampers means this beast sticks to the pavement like glue.

Most cars of this caliber take the easy road when it comes to fit and finish, likely because it's a race car, not a luxury car. But the BAC Mono is the creation of a small, tight team of designers and engineers who obsess over the details with sniper-rifle focus (I can relate). As I take in the view from the recumbent driving position, I'm impressed with the fit and finish of the tight cabin. Beautiful, double-stitched red threads align in perfect order on black Microcare MC "suede" and marine-rated vinyl. The removable, Formula 1–inspired steering wheel organizes the car's critical data in a clear and uniform display, while the supertight steering ratio keeps you from bashing your elbows into everything.

The body itself is a work of art, delivering precise panel gaps and lines that flow together with seemingly impossible continuity. The primary substructure of the car is a TIG-welded, FIA-compliant steel cage, built to exacting standards—so exacting that the cars are individually built around the specific anatomical proportions of each client (comfort for those up to six feet four is assured). The BAC looks like it literally sucked in a giant gulp of air and is waiting for you to press hard on the go pedal so it can exhale with potency.

This little beast can be ordered from Sector 111 as a turnkey, track-ready superstar. It can also be assembled in a manner that's compliant for street registration in certain states. There's an extensive range of options available, including a matte carbon-body finish, ceramic brakes, and alternate "track day" rim and tire sets, with prices ranging from the $200,000 base to $300,000 for a nicely loaded version.

OBJECTS OF DESIRE

Gear up for romance on Valentine's Day.
By Crispin Boyer

Homeboy security camera

This camera crowd-sources home security by sending alerts and a live feed to all authorized friends and family members, but its real strength is its simplicity. The wireless, waterproof camera lasts for up to three months on a single charge, and attaches easily to a magnetized mount anywhere in your Wi-Fi network's range—even outside (it has a night-vision mode). When it detects motion, it alerts everyone in your security network.

LIFX LED smart bulb

Setting a romantic mood is simple with the LIFX LED, an easier-to-install alternative to most so-called smart bulbs. Each LIFX has a built-in wireless adapter. Just screw the bulb into a standard light socket, sync it with the free app, and let the light show begin. Use the app to shift the bulbs among 16 million colors, or select from light recipes that ease you into your day, boost your concentration, or ready the bedroom for nocturnal activities. The LEDs in each bulb last (supposedly) 40,000 hours—or roughly 23 years, if you use them four hours per day—which offsets the steep price.

Real Pro Ultra massage chair

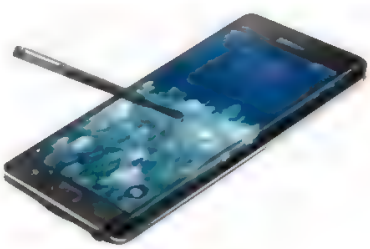
Panasonic • $9,000

If you're going to blow your budget, give your girl a gift with benefits for you. This massage chair scans your contours with internal sensors to create a 3-D map of every gnarled muscle and bulging disk. Then rollers go to work, kneading and stretching tight muscles from the back of your head, down your spine, through your hips, and along your legs, all the way to the soles of your feet. (The rollers are even heated to replicate the benefits of hot-stone massage.) And while it's an ostentatious expenditure, keep in mind that it does the job of a pro masseuse—without some stranger laying hands on your lady.

E1759FWU USB monitor

AOC • $449

Heart-shaped candies and tennis bracelets are so 1955. The modern way to wow your woman is with the gift of extended screen real estate. AOC's lightweight USB monitors offer an awesome balance of display quality and portability. This 17-inch model reaches resolutions up to 1,600 by 900, and connects to any laptop or desktop through a single USB cable—no power cords or display cables required. The monitor switches between landscape mode (good for Excel spreadsheets or watching movies) and portrait mode (perfect for Facebook stalking or chat windows) automatically when you rotate the display's orientation. It also comes with a carrying case and kickstand for toting it to presentations or the coffee shop.



Galaxy Note Edge

If you're flying solo, treat yourself to the most stunning "phablet" on the market. (That's a phone infused with tablet features.) The Galaxy Note Edge's 5.6-inch Super AMOLED display curves around the side of the phone, offering a bonus sliver of screen dedicated to texts and alerts that show even when the main screen is cluttered by the tiered display system. The stylus helps with productivity apps or lets you annotate photos snapped with the 16-megapixel camera, which is perfect for capturing centerfold-quality photos when you stop flying solo.

VD DILEMMA

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to turn a Valentine's Day date into a sure thing.

Until recently, I was in a 12-year relationship that had been sexually unfulfilling for a few years, but I didn't have the energy to invest in finding someone new. The last few Valentine's Days were like any other day—we spent them on the couch watching Netflix, eating Chinese takeout, and going through the motions between the sheets. She ended up deciding she wanted more and left me three months ago for some dude who snowboards and must hate blowjobs, because he's never getting one again.

Anyway, I met this ridiculously hot 22-year-old chick online and we've been chatting for a few weeks. Our conversations and Skype sessions are awesome. Her body is insane. I'm really into her, and I cornily asked her to be my valentine for our first date. She said yes. Now I have no idea what I'm supposed to do. I really want to nail this because I think she could be more than just a hookup, but if I don't get laid I'll feel like a total loser. What can I do to ensure we have a great time *and* I get in her pants?

You know what doesn't impress women? A killer cable package. You, sir, have zero game. Even that asshole who's banging your ex right now knows that what women want is a little adventure, a lot of attention, and a good story to make their friends jealous.

I know your dick is lonely, but you need to take this new chick off that pedestal you've put her on. The reality is that she's going out with you because she had nothing better going on for Valentine's Day. Your invitation beat out a night on her couch with a bottle of wine and *The Notebook*. Congratulations.

The basic-bitch move here is to take her out to dinner. Don't. The Valentine's Day prix fixe menu is prepped in advance and heated up to get the crush of couples in and out. It'll be the worst meal the restaurant serves all year. Instead of having a long, shitty meal with too much opportunity for awkwardness, overthinking, and carbs, create a whirlwind itinerary that's action packed.

The secret to creating intimacy on an abbreviated timeline is to rock her like a hurricane, hard and fast. Take her places she's never been before. She's not the kind of girl who hangs around grimy dive bars? Now she is. Change venues quickly—don't spend longer than 45 minutes anywhere. Grab a bite someplace where the menu isn't in English and you're not exactly sure what you're ordering. Sign up to sing a Bon Jovi song at a karaoke club. Check out an underground band at a sketchy party, or hit up a rave where some deejay you've never heard of spins seapunk. Go skinny-dipping.

There's a method to this madness: By night's end, she'll feel as comfortable as if you've been dating for a month. Or at least a full week. Even better if she checks in on Facebook at every location and Instagrams the shit out of her wild night for her friends to get jealous over. You could end the night at your place—hell, depending on how rowdy things get, she might even let you play Restroom Romeo while you're still at the club. It never hurts to ask, and she'll feel naughty when she tells her friends later. The retelling will make your date even more epic in her mind.

No matter what goes down, make sure to be cool the next day. If she stays over, give her an oversize shirt to sleep in and get up and make her a cup of coffee in the morning. If she doesn't, text her when you wake up.

If my game plan doesn't work for some reason—though, trust me, it will—the story itself could warm up a whole new group of girls for you: her friends. You'll seem like a rock star compared to the guys who gave them cellophane-wrapped roses and a meal at Applebee's. Friend-request your way to success.

But save the social media for later. If your night ends before you've gotten any Valentine's action, don't you dare curl up and die. There are plenty of single, lonely girls in the wine store and the fro-yo shop. Never surrender. Just splash some water on your face, run your fingers through your hair, fire up the Yelp! app on your phone, and start all over again with someone new.

ILLUSTRATION BY CELIA CALLE

CUCKOO FOR COCOA BEER

A box of chocolates? Boring. This Valentine's Day, kill the cliché and celebrate with chocolate beer.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

Few holidays are as formulaic as Valentine's Day. On February 14, men robotically buy lady friends a dozen roses, a candle-lit dinner, and, for dessert, a box of chocolates. It's the Hallmark holiday's holy trinity, and failing to deliver in all three phases often means kissing good-bye that night's kiss—and what comes afterward.

I'm not trying to rock the boat (or van, or bed). All I'm saying is try harder. Subvert the status quo. Ditch the teddy bear, drive to your local beer shop, and stock up on chocolate beer. On the surface, this may appear to be a terrible idea, like chugging orange juice after brushing your teeth. But dig beneath the hood and you'll see that beer—specifically stouts and porters—share deep affinities with February's favorite sweet.

These inky beers are concocted with high percentages of dark-roasted malts and grains, which supply stouts and porters with their signature tint. Beyond color, these malts contribute flavors that often evoke roasted coffee beans, a shot of espresso, rich dark chocolate, or bitter cocoa powder. It's not a far leap for brewers to goose those inherent flavor profiles with a scoop of cocoa.

Do not assume that these beers are sugar-delivery systems sold by the six-pack. Some of the more common additives, including cocoa powder and cacao nibs, are unsweetened and help create new dimensions of dessert-style flavor. Beachwood Brewing's Mocha Machine receives its fudgy depth from Ecuadoran cacao nibs, while Boulder Beer's satiny Shake Chocolate Porter contains cacao nibs and chocolate wheat, which makes the beer smoother than a fresh shave.

Since many consumers associate chocolate with milk, both in beverage and candy form, brewers will often write lactose into their recipes. In beer, lactose (an unfermentable sugar typically found in milk) creates a fuller body and imparts a balancing sweetness. Odell Brewing Company's Lugene Chocolate Milk Stout, Terrapin's Moo-Hoo Chocolate Milk Stout, and 4 Hands' Chocolate Milk Stout all taste like a boozy time machine back to your childhood.

These four chocolate beers could pull double duty as aphrodisiacs—if you play your cards right.

Odell Brewing Company's Lugene Chocolate Milk Stout

Named after a farmer who lugs away Odell's spent brewing grain, this rich stout is made with both milk chocolate and milk sugar. The insanely creamy beer is as decadent as whole milk mixed with chocolate syrup.

Young's Double Chocolate Stout

To devise this silky indulgence, brewers use an avalanche of chocolate malt, dark chocolate, and chocolate essence, as well as a "special blend of sugars" (that'd be lactose, baby). Happily, the sweetness is kept in check.

Stone Brewing Company's Smoked Porter With Chocolate & Orange Peel

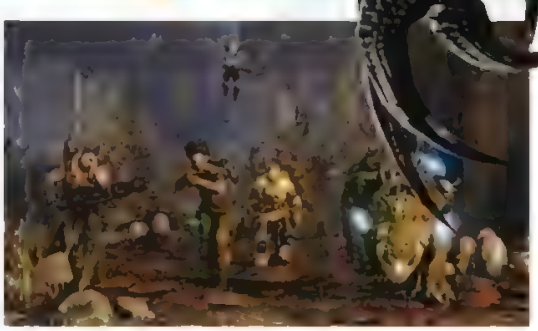
Citrus and chocolate in a smoky beer may seem odd. But that initial whiff of campfire pleasingly dovetails into bright orange peel, while dark chocolate from Los Angeles's ChocoVivo serves as a semisweet anchor.

New Belgium and Perennial Artisan Ales's Salted Belgian Chocolate Stout

To create this drinkable dessert, New Belgium and Perennial dialed up this slow-sipper dosed with fruity Belgian yeast, cocoa powder, and—to sharpen the flavor—a touch of table salt.

GAME OF THE MONTH

By Crispin Boyer



Evolve

If couples that slay together stay together, *Evolve* makes the perfect date game for a cooperative Valentine's Day massacre. This killer-hunting title from the makers of zombie-apocalypse shooter *Left 4 Dead* pits up to four players against an apex predator that lurks in the caves, jungles, and dunes of each sprawling interplanetary level. But here's the twist: The big beast is controlled by a real player, and he or she can pick off pursuers one by one with an arsenal of upgradeable attacks.

Hunters choose from four hunting classes—Assault, Medic, Trapper, and Support—and multiple characters with unique skills in each class. The Medic named Lazarus, for instance, can reincarnate and heal characters, but his weapons are relatively weak compared to the Assault characters, who wield mini guns, flamethrowers, and even mightier futuristic firepower. A Trapper named Daisy controls a ferocious alien bloodhound that sniffs out the beast and heals players. A Support robot named Bucket transforms his head into a flying machine that works like an unmanned drone, giving your squad eyes in the sky. Teams must pick complementary skills and cooperate closely, as hunters who go rogue quickly become the hunted.

The predator player can choose from several monsters, each wielding a combination of heightened senses and animal savagery. Beast attacks evolve as players unlock upgrades, and abilities are balanced so that neither side is handicapped in the hunt. Each four-versus-one match is set on a planet teeming with ferocious flora and fauna that don't play favorites, turning both hunters and hunted into endangered species.

MOST VALUABLE PLAYTHING

Shield tablet (NVIDIA • $299 to $399, depending on memory)

Gnarled console gamers who've hung up their joypads because life got in the way (babies need to be fed, bosses need to be appeased, girlfriends need the TV for *House Hunters* marathons, etc.) will find extra gaming life with this sturdy Android tablet, powered by NVIDIA's punchy Tegra K1 processor. It has the graphical horsepower to run the most demanding Android games, [illegible] PC titles (it comes bundled with the classics *Portal* and *Half-Life 2: Episode One*). Link it to a fast broadband connection and you can play high-end PC games that run remotely on NVIDIA's GPU servers through the GRID game-streaming service (think of it as Netflix for games). The key to the gaming experience here is the controller. It connects wirelessly to the tablet and turns the unit into a proper gaming console—with hands-on controls rather than the typical fun-sucking touchscreen interface. You can even connect to your TV, using HDMI, to complete the console experience.

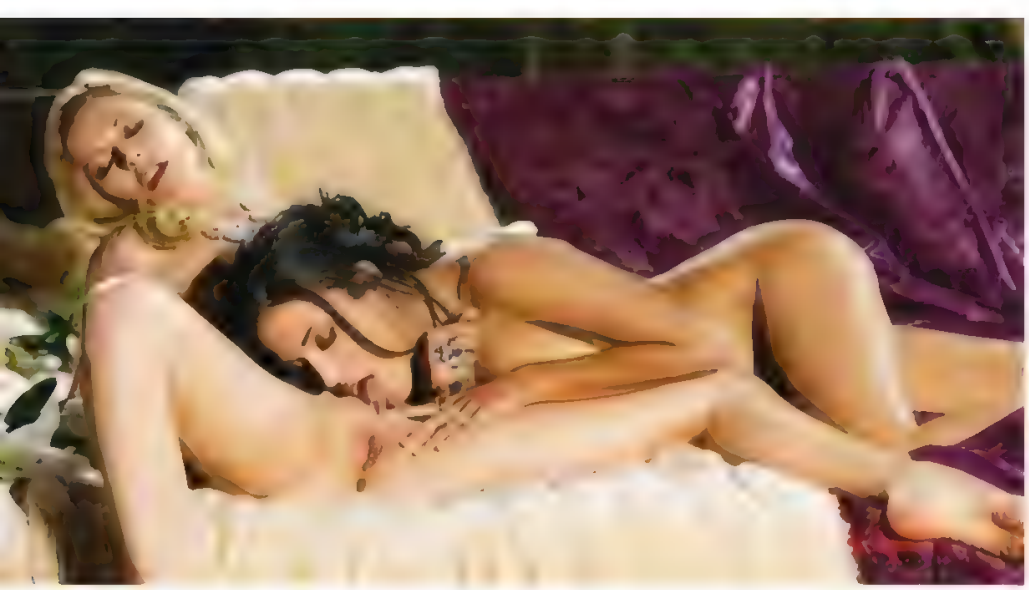
INTRODUCING WORLDWIDE
INTELLIGENT.
IRREVERENT.
ICONIC.
PENTHOUSE
THE BLONDE
SPARKLING
NV
www.penthousewine.com

STREET-WEAR CZAR

For 20 years, Russ Karablin has used his company's clothing to bring an artistic aesthetic to the street. Now he brings it to these pages.

Photographs by Tammy Sands
Interview by Raphie Aronowitz

Urban "Russ" Karablin was born a [illegible] in streetwear culture, fashion, and art for more than [illegible] years, creating the brand [illegible] in response to the high demand [illegible] his paintings. By applying graphics inspired by his artwork to T-shirts, he made it possible for both consumers and collectors to own his work. Now he directs his pioneering point of view toward an erotic pictorial starring Lena [illegible] and Playboy Cyber Girl of the Year Layla Sin.



Was there any hesitation on your part when *Penthouse* called you about this opportunity?
Quite the opposite. I was very excited about being involved in this. I've always been into pinups and the magazine itself. I've always considered myself to be pretty open-minded and liberal. It seemed like a great opportunity.

You had a personal connection with *Penthouse* growing up?
I did. With the magazine itself and the photo layouts. Also with the film *Caligula*. That widened the connection and made me even more into the Penthouse brand.

Was this exciting to you because of the cachet of working with *Penthouse,* or was it about the opportunity *Penthouse* afforded you?
I think it was a little bit of both. The opportunity to oversee a production and be able to handpick the models, the location, the context, and all of that. And the fact that it was for *Penthouse* magazine? It's iconic.

Were you looking for something specific when you were casting models?
You know, I'm pretty diversified in that capacity. There's always inspiration, things that are appealing to me visually, sensually, and so on. Smells, sights, sounds, and tastes. A beautiful woman is a beautiful woman, and they come in all forms, so the canvas was pretty wide. There are definitely types of women that appeal to me more, but I'm pretty open when it comes to that. All-natural is the best.

What was it about Layla and Lena in particular that popped for you?
They reminded me of women I've had in the past.

Ha! Did they live up to the memory?
Yeah. They were both pretty chill. Layla was cool. She smiled a lot and was pretty sporting about it all. Lena was a little more fussy, but everything turned out good. We became friendlier toward the end of the shoot. In the last picture they were superfriendly.

Did your process start with the models?
No. It started with the setting. In my eye, before I choose anything else, the setting is in my head. Then come the details like two women on a bed, the relaxed atmosphere, and all of that other stuff. I had a vision of it.

What was it about this particular setting that resonated with you?
I've often seen old photos, black-and-whites, of naked women in an opium den–like environment. It was always appealing, the way it looked. Not of this world, but more of an old-world feel.

Were you trying to tell a story, or was it more about creating a vibe?
I was trying to make it visually stimulating more than anything else. The story was about two women hanging around a palace, sneaking around, and getting into each other.

Sounds like some deep-seated fantasy of yours.
It had to come from somewhere. So, yeah.

And you tapped into your inner porn director by encouraging the girls to get a little naughty.
I just felt like I should go big or go home. If the opportunity presented itself and everybody was open to it without making it distasteful ... it just seemed artistic.

Do you think you pushed the narrative far enough?
There were moments when the models were more into it than other moments, I guess because it was cold out, but I achieved what I set out to do.

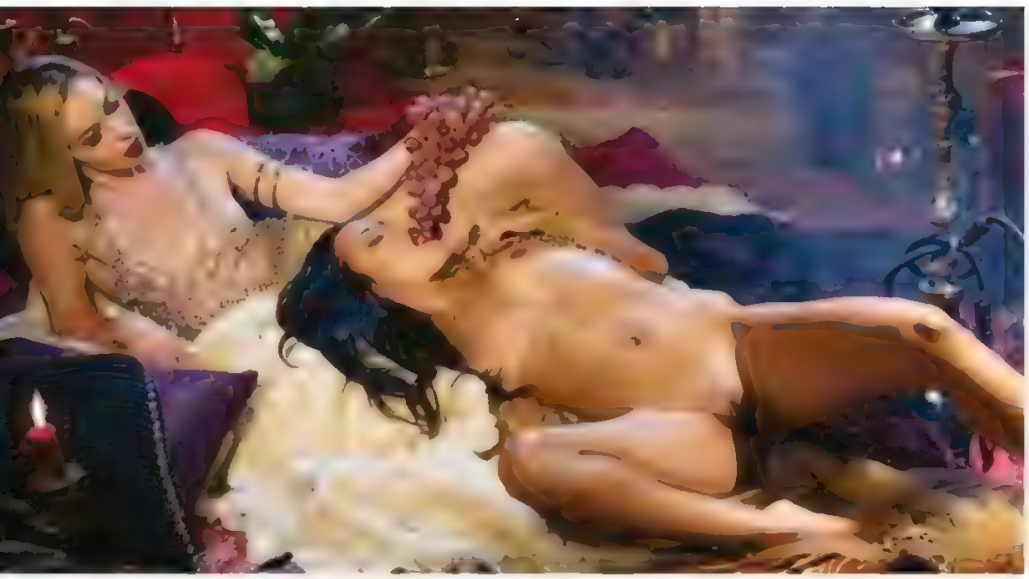
Looking at the photos, are they an accurate reflection of your vision?
Yeah, I would say so. And as we went on they became more so. At first I was nervous. I didn't know what to expect or how the photos would turn out. Looking through the photos at the end, I am definitely proud of them.

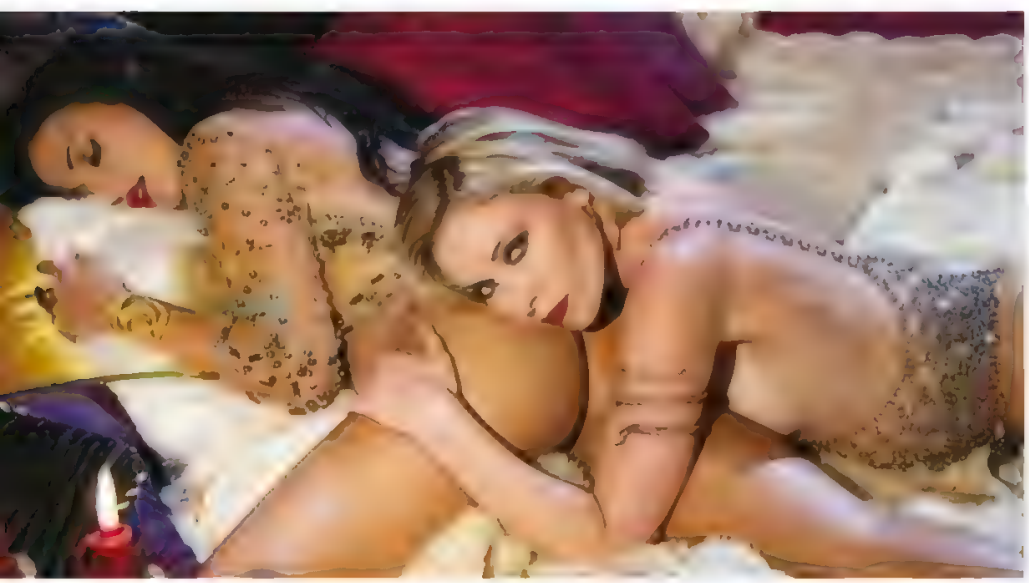
You were nervous?
I'm kind of slow to warm up.

Slow to warm up in general, or was it because of the personal nature of the shoot?
It was the subject matter. It was a new experience. It was because of who was involved.

What helped you turn the corner?
Everyone was very welcoming and really just let me do what I wanted to do. They made it clear they were there to support my vision, and that made it a lot easier to warm up.

Do you have a favorite photo or moment?





The photo where they are crossing hands and touching. That definitely stood out. It is a very sexy photo. It seemed like they weren't acting. Throughout the shoot there were several moments when I was like, *Yeah, this is great.*

In hindsight, is there anything you would have done differently?
We had to get things done pretty quickly and turn it around, so you always see things. *I could have done this* or *I could have done that.*

Anything in particular?
Making it more artistic. Maybe adding a 3-D component to the shoot or something cool like that. Making it more visually fantastic. I would add more girls into the mix and create that feeling of a harem, choices.

That ties right into what you were saying about how you don't have a specific type of woman.
Exactly.

If you had gone with the harem idea, what would the first new girl you cast look like?
I like voluptuous women. Natural. Good boobies. Curves. Curves are always nice to touch. For me it's not about ethnicity or skin tone; it's about variety.

I heard a rumor about a horse at the shoot....
Yes. I've seen some beautiful photos of women outdoors and on horses, and that was very sexy to me. I saw an old Pirelli calendar; a girl who I was seeing was in the calendar, so I noticed it a lot more than any of the other Pirelli calendars. And it happened to be on a farm. Naked girls, horse in the background, and it just seemed ... nice.

It's interesting that your concept was such a departure from what people must expect from you in the streetwear industry.
You always want your audience to look forward to seeing what you do next. To be sort of off-kilter. I guess the other option would have been to shoot beautiful girls in the 'hood rolling blunts? I don't know. I think people appreciate that I don't pigeonhole myself. That's also why I created three different clothing brands: They each fit a different personality or feeling or mood that I represent. And it was the same for me with the photo shoot.

"I've often seen old photos, black-and-whites, of naked women in an opium den–like environment. It was always appealing, the way it looked. Not of this world, but more of an old-world feel. . . The story [here] was about two women hanging around a palace, sneaking around, and getting into each other."

SEE MORE OF POP SHOTS
AT PENTHOUSEPOPSHOTS.COM.

CANNABIS CLUSTERFUCKS

Medical marijuana is being legalized in an increasing number of places, but the government just can't stop complicating the mechanics of getting it to patients.

By David Bienenstock

The biggest issue with getting medical marijuana into the hands of the patients who need it is opening dispensaries. Turns out that getting the legislation passed is the easy part. In most jurisdictions where medical marijuana has been legalized, local government and community groups have managed to kill efforts to open dispensaries or allow existing pharmacies to distribute marijuana. Here we examine a couple of such jurisdictions, then take a look at one city's groundbreaking pro-patient legislation that's inadvertently shifted the focus of the debate.

WAITING TO [redacted]

"Sometimes, to tell you the truth, I have to kind of tune out what's happening in states like California, Washington, and Colorado, because they're so far ahead that it's like we're in two different countries," Delaware-based medical-marijuana activist Todd Kitchen says. "It makes me want to move, but that's just not realistic for someone like me because of my financial situation. Plus, my doctors and my entire support network are here."

Kitchen, who played a leading role in pushing his state government to pass a medical-marijuana law more than three years ago, has had a Delaware-issued medical-cannabis ID card since 2012, but as of press time, there aren't any storefronts where he can use it.

"We're still waiting for the first approved cannabis center to open, so every single ID holder in the state has to choose between going without their medicine or trying to find it on the street," Kitchen tells us. "And in the meantime, those same patients get charged a fee for their ID card every year, which means we're paying to support a medical-marijuana program when there's no medical marijuana for us to use."

Kitchen signed his first marijuana-legalization petition when he turned 18, but didn't start using it medicinally until a year later, when a near-fatal car accident in 2005 put him in a coma and left him with traumatic brain injuries, fibromyalgia, chronic back pain, herniated disks, nerve damage, muscle spasms, PTSD, and anxiety. Doctors put him on a slew of dangerous, potentially addictive pharmaceuticals, including

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) DAVID MCNEW/GETTY IMAGES; (RIGHT) EYEEONIC IMAGES/GETTY IMAGES

morphine, Xanax, muscle relaxers, and sleeping pills, but he remained in near-constant pain.

"Cannabis is the only thing that provides overall relief, and that allows me to eat and sleep," Kitchen says. Marijuana also helped him reduce his use of synthetic drugs, largely eliminated their side effects, and greatly improved his overall quality of life. He decided to start lobbying for a medical-marijuana law in his home state.

He tells us, "I stepped up and helped write the bill because I understand that the governor's office and the state government don't have all the time in the world to research medical marijuana and the laws in other states, and then make well-informed decisions. Whereas I'm disabled, which means I'm home all day, and can do the research."

In May 2011, Governor Jack Markell, after initially resisting the idea, ultimately signed the Delaware Medical Marijuana Act into law, which required the state government to open three separate medical-cannabis centers by January 1, 2013, and begin supplying cannabis directly to approved patients. But that deadline came and went without much noticeable progress. Kitchen says that's because the law would have required state employees to break federal law, something the governor wouldn't allow.

So how did they end up passing a bill that couldn't be implemented? "It was hard trying to get people to compromise," Kitchen says. "Some lawmakers were so much against marijuana in general that you could get them only to a certain point with a medical bill, and then you pretty much had to settle for what was possible, and hope to change it later. Otherwise, nothing would have passed. So it was either take what you can get, or you don't get anything at all."

Kitchen says that, despite his frustrations, he understands the difficulties such ingrained prejudices and the looming threat of federal law pose for legislators trying to do the right thing. But when the state's self-imposed deadline passed two years ago with exactly zero cannabis centers open to patients, he decided to take on the system—again. "The state was actually breaking the law by not implementing its own program, and I wanted to make sure people understood that.

"Patients get charged a fee for their ID card every year, which means we're paying to support a medical-marijuana program when there's no medical marijuana for us to use."

I had to fight really hard to have my opinion heard and help get things moving forward. Ultimately, it took me challenging the governor on the front page of the newspaper to get my point across."

When the ensuing political pressure reached a boiling point, lawmakers passed an amendment to the original law, allowing an outside contractor to bid on the job of creating and operating the state's medical-cannabis centers, a development that appears to have cut through the red tape at last. The official ribbon-cutting ceremony on the first center is scheduled to take place in February 2015.

Still, Kitchen remains a patient in more ways than one. He says after meeting with the team that will open Delaware's first cannabis center, and taking a tour of their parent company's facility in Rhode Island, he feels confident things are back on track: "They're going to create a first-class center, and they've got the patients' best interests at heart. So there's good news coming."

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

Angela Brown, a 38-year-old Minnesota mom, is currently facing child-endangerment charges for giving her 15-year-old son cannabis oil (which she smuggled into the state from Colorado) to treat the frequent, debilitating seizures and muscle spasms he's endured since suffering a traumatic head injury when he was struck with a baseball.

"Once [the cannabis] hit his system, Trey said the pressure in his brain was relieved," she told the Huffington Post. "You could literally see the muscle spasms stopping. He felt amazing."

But then Brown told the "wrong people," who ratted her out. She potentially faces two years in prison, all because a recently passed, highly restrictive medical-marijuana law in Minnesota—specifically written to allow children like Trey access to cannabis oil—does not go into effect until this summer. And according to Paul Armentano, deputy director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), even when Minnesota's new law does take effect, the vast majority of those who would benefit from medical marijuana will not have conditions considered "serious" enough to qualify. Which means chronic-pain patients can get Oxycontin, but not marijuana.

"Any program that neglects to include chronic pain or neuropathy as a qualifying condition for medical cannabis is placing politics before both scientific evidence and patients' needs," Armentano says. He also bemoans a recent trend of highly restrictive, "over-regulated" medical-marijuana programs.

"Newly passed medical-cannabis programs in Minnesota and New York both prohibit the use of anything but nonsmoked preparations of the drug and limit production facilities to no more than a handful of providers, far fewer than can realistically meet patient demand," Armentano explains. "New Jersey's program is also well-understood to be over-regulated, which is why many qualified patients are electing to leave the state. Several other states have recently enacted measures encouraging patient access to specific components of cannabis, while continuing to deny patients access to the plant itself. None of these measures are sound or effective policies."

GET OUT OF JAIL FREE

Medical-cannabis patients in Connecticut dealt with similarly Kafkaesque conditions for more than two years after the state passed its medical-marijuana legislation in 2012. The roadblocks largely stemmed from a persistent "not in my backyard" backlash, as several towns and cities enacted bans and moratoriums on dispensaries and denied permits, leaving nearly 2,000 registered patients in legal limbo after doctors certified them as eligible for the program—and the Connecticut State Department of Consumer Protection issued them ID cards in exchange for $100 fees.

According to *The New York Times*, some prosecutors in the state responded by promising patients legal immunity when purchasing cannabis from street dealers. And even after Connecticut's medical-cannabis dispensaries opened in September 2014, many patients expressed unhappiness with the offerings, lamenting prices of up to $600 per ounce, vastly exceeding the cost of black-market marijuana without matching its quality.

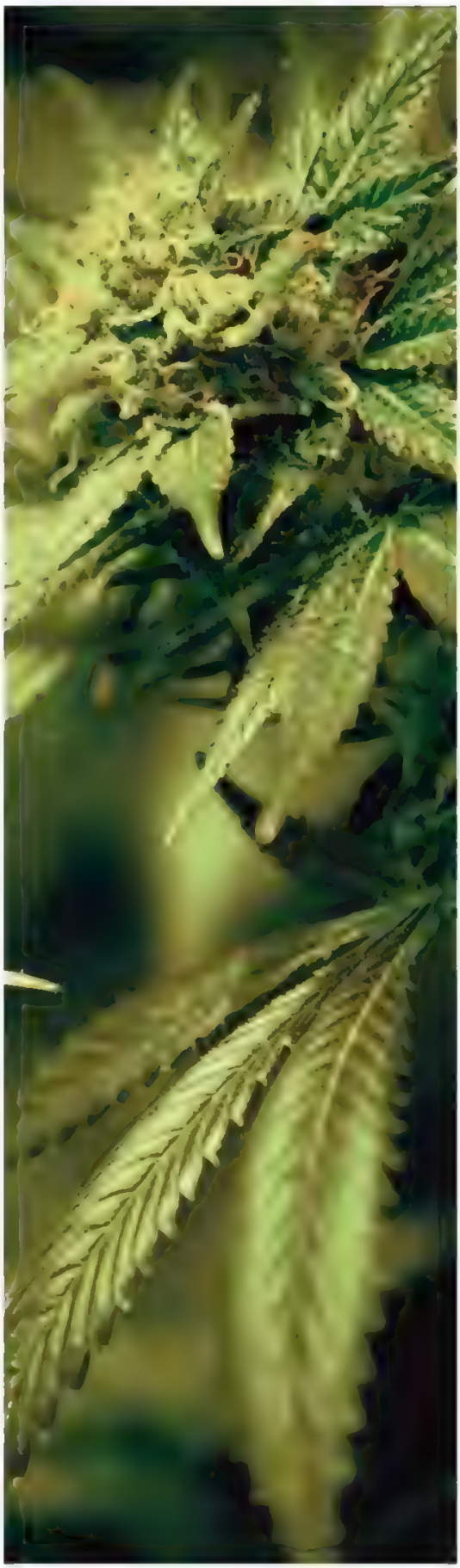
"As soon as you grind it, it begins oxidizing and losing its potency," Mark Braunstein, a 63-year-old paraplegic and retired art librarian told *The Wall Street Journal*.

FREE MEDICAL MARIJUANA?

One city is doing medical marijuana right, but you probably heard about it from a late-night talk-show host during his monologue: A new set of government regulations in Berkeley, California, will require the city's medical-cannabis dispensaries to start supplying "welfare weed" to low-income residents. And sure, it's news tailor-made for one-liners. Just ask the yuckster who referred to the practice as "high tithes."

Naturally, the national press and political pundits of all stripes quickly weighed in as well when the regulation passed, with one *New York Times* article trumpeting, "Don't Laugh: Berkeley Plans to Give Free Marijuana to the Poor."

Ten years ago, of course, such a progressive pot program would have brought down reams of condemnation from every level of government. In September, however, most national politicians on both sides of the aisle let the story go without comment, either out of fear of offending the nation's growing marijuana majority (polls show that 85 percent of Americans support legalizing it for medical use) or due to a growing recognition that cannabis actually can provide tremendous therapeutic benefits for everything from Alzheimer's disease and epilepsy to anxiety and insomnia.



Most media coverage, meanwhile—comedic and otherwise—tended to examine Berkeley's program not on its own merits, but as some kind of "sign of the times."

And then there's Fox News, where the story of an ultraliberal city forcing government-mandated drugs be given for free to poor people must have seemed too good to be true. (Dare we say, pundits there must have felt as if they were high as a kite. And to Fox's core viewers, that one-sentence summary of the story provides enough pure, uncut outrage to keep them high for days.) So, to stir the pot, Fox pitted noted cannabis advocate Mason Tvert, director of communications for the Marijuana Policy Project and codirector of Colorado's successful 2012 legalization campaign, against Bishop Ron Allen, president of the International Faith Based Coalition.

Fox News host Brian Kilmeade opened with, "[If] you want to light up but do not have the money, [there's] good news, at least if you're in Berkeley, California." This "fair and balanced" introduction to a debate over whether or not poor people with cancer should have to suffer through chemotherapy without cannabis—since their health insurance, including the dreaded Obamacare, will pay six figures for conventional treatments, but not a cent toward a federally illegal herb that's been proven to quell nausea and increase appetite—was followed up with, "I think it's ludicrous, over-the-top madness," literally the first words out of the mouth of Bishop Allen, himself a recovering crack addict. "Why would Berkeley City Council want to keep their poverty-stricken, underserved [citizens] high, in poverty, and lethargic?"

At various times throughout the proceedings, this purported "expert" on marijuana, put on television ostensibly to enlighten our citizenry, looked directly into the camera and, with the unquenchable passion of a zealot, declared, (1) "Research tells us that marijuana has the same effects on the pleasure [center] in the brain as heroin [and] crack cocaine, and so it's

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) BENNETT BARTHELEMY/GETTY IMAGES, (RIGHT) NOAH BERGER/AP PHOTO

no different at all," (2) "Berkeley's city council must have been high to make this decision," and (3) "Marijuana is ... worse than cigarettes." To truly gauge the reaction of his opponent in the debate, you need to see the look on Mason Tvert's face when Bishop Allen compares tobacco (more than 480,000 deaths annually in the United States, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention) favorably to cannabis (zero confirmed deaths in more than 10,000 years of human consumption). The clip is on YouTube, and worth watching for that moment alone.

"Well, Bishop," Tvert at last responded, once he could get a word in edgewise, "with all due respect, your suggestion that marijuana has the same effect as heroin and crack cocaine really just suggests that you don't know what you're talking about.... If you don't like marijuana, and you don't like people who use marijuana, that's your prerogative, but the fact is that medical associations across the country ... think marijuana can help seriously ill people."

BERKELEY'S POT PIONEER

Watching at home, longtime Bay Area cannabis activist Debby Goldsberry found the Fox News debate, and much of the rest of the national conversation about Berkeley's new marijuana regulations, to be, in Bishop Allen's words, "ludicrous, over-the-top madness." Though she now works as an ambassador at a medical-cannabis dispensary in Oakland, Goldsberry remains best known for founding Berkeley Patients Group, an organization widely recognized as one of California's best-run medical-cannabis dispensaries. The group was honored in 2009—its tenth anniversary—with a unanimous declaration from the city council officially pronouncing it Berkeley Patients Group Day throughout the city. "Cannabis, at the grassroots level, has always predominantly been a socially responsible industry, all the way back to the original smugglers and dealers," Goldsberry says. "And the marijuana movement has always had a much bigger mission than just getting people high."

Although Berkeley Patients Group made a name for itself in the city by offering members a slate of services that went far beyond providing safe access to cannabis, and doing so on a sliding scale that accommodated those who live in poverty, Goldsberry says she was initially skeptical of Berkeley's new regulation mandating that dispensaries give away marijuana to those who make less than $32,000 per year (or $46,000 per family).

"At the beginning, I think I was about the only person who was against it, [but] initially they wanted dispensaries to give away ten percent, which would cripple their financial viability to the point of being prohibitory," she explains. "Meanwhile, Berkeley's City Council has created and passed this really excellent new set of regulations, and all the media can focus on is this one small part. Instead of the larger story, which is that for the past 15 years, Berkeley has shown that safe, sensible regulation of medical cannabis actually benefits the community."

You probably won't be surprised to learn that it hasn't been the government leading the way. It's been direct stakeholders, including patients, growers, medical professionals, caregivers, and providers. In fact, Berkeley's new low-income mandate is based on Berkeley Patients Group's Helping Hands program, which evaluates patients' financial situations to identify those in need of free medicine and additional services.

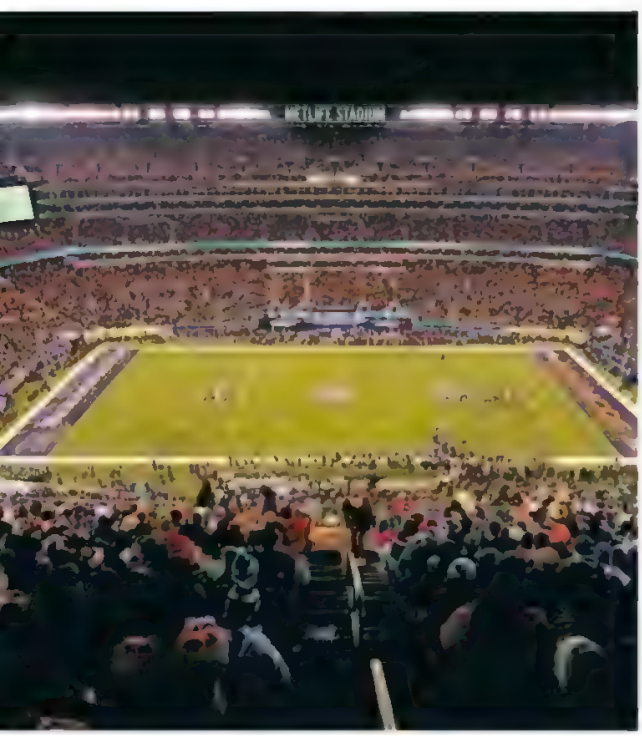
Debby Goldsberry

"We want to make this important medicine available to as many people as possible. We shouldn't need the government to mandate being socially responsible."

On a tour of Magnolia Wellness, where Goldsberry now works, the ever-enthusiastic advocate points out that many of the progressive business practices she helped pioneer in Berkeley have followed her to Oakland. "We give free cannabis to any member who has cancer, AIDS, HIV, or Crohn's, or any child in the state of California with epilepsy treating their seizures with cannabis medicine, and offer discounts to seniors and veterans," she says. "We want to make this important medicine available to as many people as possible. We shouldn't need the government to come in and mandate being socially responsible."

5 QUESTIONS TO PONDER WHILE WATCHING SUPER BOWL XLIX

These are just a handful of the many head-scratchers concerning the $10 billion NFL behemoth. • By John Bolster



5. Why does the NFL fudge the numbers on its contributions to breast-cancer research during its heavily marketed "pink" month of October?

"Fudge" is putting it mildly: The NFL claims that 90 percent of its hot-pink merchandise royalties go to the American Cancer Society, but the league's accounting is extremely creative, and its use of the term "royalty" is highly strategic. The "royalties" are, according to ESPN, "25 percent of the wholesale price (1/2 retail)," and the league donates 90 percent of *that* figure to charity. That means if you buy a pink Mark Sanchez jersey for $104.95, the NFL will take a quarter of half that price (roughly $13.12) and donate $11.80 of it to cancer research. The remaining $93.15 goes to ... the NFL.

4. Why does the NFL enjoy tax-exempt nonprofit status?

The most recent figure for the league's total annual revenue is $10 billion; the commissioner, Roger Goodell, reaped $44 million in 2012; and advertisers will pay $4.5 million apiece for commercials in this month's big game—yet the league office (not the individual franchises) is exempt from being taxed.

3. Why did the league try to bury the initial scientific evidence of football's deadly impact on the human brain?

Forensic pathologist Dr. Bennet Omalu, then working in the Allegheny County Medical Examiner's Office, examined the brain of Pittsburgh Steelers Hall of Famer Mike Webster after the player died at age 50 in 2002. Webster had battled depression and dementia in his final years, and Omalu discovered massive degeneration in his internal brain tissue, a condition Omalu dubbed Chronic Traumatic Encephalopathy (CTE). After he published his findings, the NFL tried to discredit Omalu, and went on to publish 16 articles presenting its own questionable counter-evidence in the journal *Neurosurgery*. When ESPN partnered with PBS for *League of Denial,* a 2013 documentary about the issue, the league successfully pressured the sports network into withdrawing from the project.

2. Why do taxpayers fund 70 percent of the capital costs of NFL stadiums, yet owners get most of the massive profits generated at those venues?

According to Judith Grant Long, a professor of urban planning at Harvard, ordinary citizens provided seven out of every ten dollars spent to build or renovate current NFL stadiums. Their return on that investment, according to writer Steve Almond, is "pennies on the dollar." On the other hand (over fist), Seattle Seahawks owner Paul Allen, to name just one profiteer, collects close to $200 million annually from ticket sales, concessions, parking, and TV money at his club's CenturyLink Field. That's taxpayer money sailing straight into the pocket of one of the wealthiest people on the planet.

1. Who's a bigger welfare king, Dallas Cowboys owner Jerry Jones or New Orleans Saints owner Tom Benson?

Jones, who received $325 million from the city of Arlington, Texas, toward a new stadium for the Cowboys in 2009, pays zero dollars in property taxes on the outsized structure, a savings of $17 million a year. Speaking of millions, Benson receives $6 million annually from the state of Louisiana as an "inducement payment"—that is honestly what it's called—to keep the team in New Orleans. Benson, whose net worth is estimated at $1.2 billion by *Forbes,* has seen NOLA taxpayers pay close to half a billion dollars to keep the Superdome operational since Hurricane Katrina, while he hungrily funnels the vast majority of the revenue generated there into his own coffers.

In the words of the late Republican Senator Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania, "NFL owners are arrogant people who have abused the public trust, and act like they can get away with anything."

Apparently, they can.

Enjoy the big game, everyone!

PHOTOGRAPH BY LANCE KING/GETTY IMAGES

JUBILEE!
FRO YO
SHIT
TOOTIE FRUTTI
VANILLA
JUBI
JUBI

DOLLARS & SENSE

If there's one thing that tugs at the nation's heartstrings—and wallets—it's supporting the troops. Just remember, not all nonprofits are created equal.

By Jennifer Peters

First Lady Michelle Obam
tand with children of fallen serv
TAPS's 20th annual Good Gri amp

Experts estimate that there are anywhere from 40,000 to 65,000 tax-exempt charitable groups that support the troops, both veterans and those currently serving, and that these organizations bring in millions—possibly billions—of dollars for service members and their families. Some of these groups are outright frauds, however.

In August 2014, for instance, ProPublica and the Daily Beast reported that Move America Forward, an organization that claimed to be raising money to send care packages to troops overseas, had used other groups' photos and press to drum up donations; worse, a significant percentage of the money raised went to Tea Party politicians.

Daniel Borochoff of CharityWatch, a nonprofit watchdog group, says the Purple Heart Service Foundation spent a lot of money helping the group's officers lead lives of luxury. "They would schedule meetings or ceremonies in Hawaii or Korea," he tells us, which provided the executives with a nice vacation. The PHSF also spent $685,000 on "advertising" with the Washington Redskins, but, according to Borochoff, "They bought box seats at the games, and not for the soldiers, but for the [charity's employees to use]."

Another problem Borochoff has run into is "creative accounting." Certain percentages of solicitation expenses can be listed as educational

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) SUSAN WALSH/AP/CORBIS; (BOTH RIGHT) CATHERINE LANE/GETTY IMAGES

costs, so "if they release ads or send out messages asking people to volunteer or pray for the troops, they're allowed to expense portions of those costs as 'educational programming,' " he explains. Plus, there are in-kind goods that are useless to the recipients. "One group gave out what it said was $18 million in calling cards to soldiers, but they weren't really calling cards—they were cards that allowed you to call a number to get sports scores, but first you had to listen to some ads. And that was listed as a 'program expense' by the charity."

Outright scams and creative accounting aren't the only problems. In 2013, the Center for Investigative Reporting, in a partnership with the *Tampa Bay Times,* dug up the dirt on the 50 worst charities in America, six of which were supposedly supporting the troops. (You can check out the list and the full series of articles at TampaBay.com/americas-worst-charities.) A number of nonprofits made the list because of the amount of money they paid to professional solicitors, with one of the worst offenders paying nearly 90 percent of the money brought in to the fund-raisers. Sandra Miniutti of Charity Navigator, another nonprofit watchdog group, tells us, "We've seen charities where the telemarketing firm is keeping 90, 95 cents of every dollar collected. There have even been instances where they've kept more than they've collected, keeping everything they collect and then charging a fee.

"If you knew they were doing that," she continues, "you would never give them money over the phone, but the law only requires the telemarketers to disclose the percentage if the donor asks. Obviously they're not going to lead with that."

Both Miniutti and Borochoff note that charities that work with these fund-raising firms will often say that even if the solicitors keep 99 cents on the dollar, the one penny left "is a penny we didn't have." According to Giving USA and the Chronicle of Philanthropy, however, charitable donations have been stagnant at about two percent of the gross domestic product for more than four decades. Miniutti says, "Essentially, that means that the extra money that went to the telemarketing firms is money that could have gone to a more efficient charity and been spent on a charitable program. It's really a waste of resources."

Overhead is an important issue for charities. All the watchdog groups agree that 25 percent is a reasonable amount to be spending on basic costs, including salaries, fund-raising, and office space; and it should be no more than 35 percent. A higher percentage is a red flag in most instances, though Miniutti believes that smaller, newer nonprofits should be cut some slack. "New organizations may have the best intentions, but they may not have the skills and experience to provide services as efficiently or effectively as a larger group would," she says. "But we want innovation in the sector, so if somebody finds there's a service lacking that could really benefit our troops, then I think it's great for a charity to step up to provide it."

Miniutti sympathizes with people who want to donate, but says due diligence is required. "One of the problems we often see in this sector is that this is an issue that really tugs at the heartstrings," she continues. "Who doesn't want to help America's heroes?... But there's a misconception that just because an organization is a 'charity' that it's doing good things. On the national level, the IRS is in charge of the nonprofit sector, but they will tell you themselves that they're underfunded in that area and they're not able to police millions of charities."

With so many potential pitfalls, finding a nonprofit worthy of your donation is no easy task, but transparency is paramount. First, look at its website and see how much information is there. Is the organization sharing its tax returns and financial statements? Does it give a clear picture of its mission? If it can't or won't tell you what you need to know, look elsewhere. As for judging a group's impact, ask for anecdotes from people who've been helped by the charity, or look at social media to see what users are saying about it.

Miniutti advises making a plan in advance. While most nonprofits get more than half of all their donations in the period between Thanksgiving and New Year's, funds are needed year-round. "Start the year off by figuring out what your priorities are and pick maybe three charities that do the kind of work you want to support," Miniutti says. "Then set up automatic monthly donations—maybe $10 a month for each charity. It makes it easier to avoid knee-jerk reactions to solicitors' pleas if you know where your money is going for the rest of the year."

SHOW THEM THE MONEY

Our experts helped us assemble this list of vet-centric nonprofits that are worthy of your tax-deductible contributions.

Veteran/motivational speaker J. P. Martinez (left) and Uber Cofounder and CEO Travis Kalanick at IAVA's 2014 Heroes Gala

Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America
IAVA.org

While it's come under fire recently for being too big or flashy, it's had a lot of success in getting vet-friendly legislation passed in its ten years of service. It also provides assistance to vets who need help getting reacclimated to civilian life.

Swords to Plowshares
Swords-to-Plowshares.org

This small, 40-year-old, San Francisco–based organization provides some of the most-needed services to veterans: lawyers familiar with the military justice system, help navigating the VA claims department, housing assistance, and job training and placement.

No Greater Sacrifice
NoGreaterSacrifice.org

NGS focuses on survivors of fallen soldiers, providing scholarships for higher education to service members' children. In 2013, NGS provided more than $800,000 in scholarships, and aims to provide $1.65 billion in future aid to the more than 50,000 children of deceased service members.

The Semper Fi Fund
SemperFiFund.org

It was founded in 2004 by a group of Marine Corps spouses, and provides an assortment of assistance programs to post-9/11 service members and their families. Since its inception, the group has provided more than $99 million in assistance to more than 13,000 military families.

The Tragedy Assistance Program for Survivors
TAPS.org

Since 1994, TAPS has provided counseling and assistance to families grieving the loss of loved ones in the armed services. It hosts Good Grief Camps for surviving children, created a peer-support network for military members, and provides resources for caregivers and journalists on proper treatment of the grieving.

THE ART OF ASKING

Devin Holmes of Warrior Gateway (WarriorGateway.org), a Yelp!-type site for the veterans community, provided tips on finding the group that can best meet one's individual needs.

Figure out what kind of help you need.

"People often think of reaching out to the nonprofit sector for help before they consider the official services provided by the government," Holmes says. "While the VA has gotten a bad rap in recent years, there are good hospitals and services out there that you may have overlooked." Find out what services you're entitled to before you go outside the system.

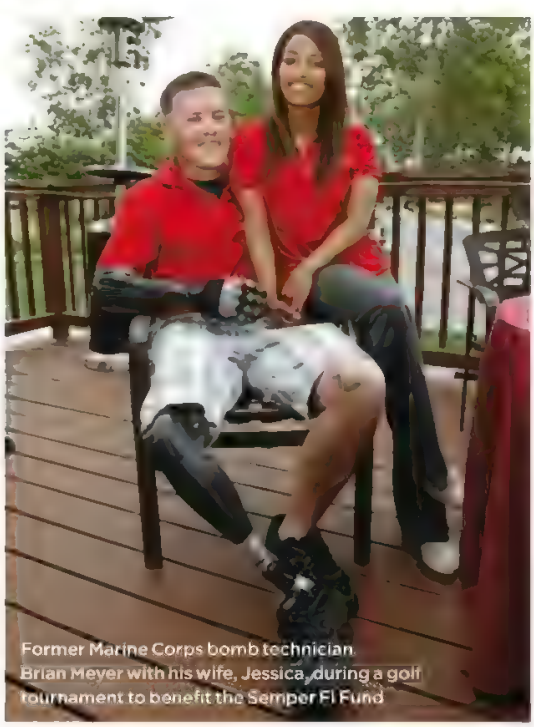
One service that Holmes cites as both being able to help you assess your needs and provide help is Vets Prevail (VetsPrevail.org), an online resource from the for-profit sector offered by the Department of Veterans Affairs. There are interactive tools and peer coaches that provide completely anonymous help at a fraction of the cost of face-to-face mental-health treatment.

Think of yourself as a person first.

The organization best positioned to help you may not be a veteran-specific group. Holmes recalls a military wife who called him asking if he knew of an organization that could help her family pay their rent that month; he referred her to the local Salvation Army, which was able to provide the assistance she needed.

Ask for anecdotes.

While nonprofit watchdogs rely on tax filings to rate a group's effectiveness, the best source of information is the community they serve. Ask friends and fellow service members about the organizations they've worked with successfully.


Former Marine Corps bomb technician Brian Meyer with his wife, Jessica, during a golf tournament to benefit the Semper Fi Fund

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) STEPHEN LOVEKIN/GETTY IMAGES; (BOTTOM) LENNY IGNELZI/AP PHOTO

Indian MOTORCYCLE EXPRESS

A REAL WORKING HO-SCALE ELECTRIC TRAIN COLLECTION
FEATURING SCULPTED REPLICAS OF THE LEGENDARY INDIAN MOTORCYCLE®

OFFICIALLY LICENSED BY INDIAN MOTORCYCLE INTERNATIONAL, LLC

NOT AVAILABLE IN ANY STORE!

Everything you need to run your train!

14-piece track set, power-pack & speed controller included with Shipments 2 & 3 —a $100 value!

Fine collectible Not intended for children under 14

In tribute to this legendary American motorcycle that is still made in America, Hawthorne Village presents the Indian Motorcycle® Express. This train is boldly decorated with the famous colors, official logos and classic slogans of this true American motorcycling legend. You'll appreciate the extraordinary wealth of impeccably authentic details devoted to every inch of this heirloom-quality train. Plus, you'll enjoy the faithfully sculpted replicas of some of Indian® Motorcycle's most popular and legendary bikes including the 1928 Indian® 101 Scout and the 1948 Indian® Chief. These beautiful reproductions each "ride" on their own Flat Car with backdrops featuring the look of vintage Indian Motorcycle® advertising and are removable for display wherever you choose!

An incredible train at an exceptional value.

Begin your train collection with the "Indian Motorcycle® Diesel Locomotive" for three easy payments of $25.00*, the first billed before shipment. Subsequent cars—some with sculpted Indian® Motorcycles—will each be billed separately at the same low price and sent about every other month. In addition, you'll receive the track set, power-pack and speed controller—a $100 value—FREE with Shipments Two and Three! With our best-in-the-business 365-day guarantee, your satisfaction is assured and you may cancel at any time.

Not available in any store! Order today!

This is a limited-time offer and strong demand is expected. You need send no money now. Just sign and mail the order form today!

SHIPMENT FOUR – "1948 INDIAN® CHIEF" FLAT CAR
The 1948 Indian® Chief satisfied the rider's need for speed as it was capable of 85 mph and over 100 mph when tuned just right.

www.bradfordexchange.com/Indian

FREE Track, Power-Pack & Speed Controller Included—$100 Value!

THE BRADFORD EXCHANGE
HAWTHORNE VILLAGE DIVISION

9210 N. MARYLAND STREET
NILES, IL 60714-1322

YES! Please enter my order for one Indian Motorcycle® Express electric train collection, beginning with the "Indian Motorcycle® Diesel Locomotive" as described in this announcement.

SEND NO MONEY NOW.

Signature _____

Mrs. Mr. Ms. _____
Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Email _____

Certificate of Authenticity and 365-day guarantee. 917855-E49301

*Plus $9.99 shipping and service. Allow 4-6 weeks after initial payment for shipment. Sales subject to product availability and order acceptance

Official licensed product of Indian Motorcycle International, LLC, all rights reserved. INDIAN MOTORCYCLE® is a registered trademark of Indian Motorcycle, LLC
© Hawthorne Village 14-01617-001-BIR

FIFTY SHADES OF SEXY

The feature film based on the best-selling trilogy *Fifty Shades of Grey* arrives on Valentine's Day, making this the perfect time to introduce your lady friend to some real-life kink. The Penthouse Store pulled together gift ideas that could help make it happen.... The diamond ball gag is made of supple patent leather, and adorned with white crystals ($18).

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi

1. Dillion Harper in two-piece sequin-and-lace bra-and-panty set, from Tres Sexy Lingerie ($33); Emily Austin in three-piece bra-and-panty set, with lace bra, peekaboo panty, and leg garter, from Tres Sexy Lingerie ($30); blindfold and cuffs from the Fifty Shades Hard Limits Universal Restraint Kit ($60).
2. (From left) Emily Austin in Crimson Nights lace-up bustier with open back, removable garters, and matching G-string, from René Rofe ($27); Dillion Harper in satin bustier with lace overlay and G-string, from Oh La La Cheri ($45); Carmen Caliente in strappy teddy with shelf cup and garters, from Tres Sexy Lingerie ($30).
3. Dillion Harper in mesh chemise with micro ruffle and G-string, from René Rofe ($22).
4. Emily Austin (left) in Future Shock one-shoulder dress, from Pink Lipstick Lingerie ($17); Dillion Harper in two-piece fishnet-stocking dress and G-string, from Tres Sexy Lingerie ($22); collar and leash made with premium hardware, from the Lux Fetish line ($19; go to the Fetish & Bondage section, then choose Collars and Leashes).
5. Carmen Caliente (left) in push-up eyelash-lace teddy with garters, from Tres Sexy Lingerie ($28); Emily Austin in baby doll with embroidery detail and G-string, from Oh La La Cheri ($52).

Sleeper Agents

The third season of *The Americans* begins this month with its married Soviet spies still blending in. According to show creator Joseph Weisberg, there's still plenty of trouble on the horizon.

Interview by Craig Modderno

As season three of the FX series *The Americans* kicks off, Elizabeth and Phillip Jennings (Keri Russell and Matthew Rhys) are maintaining their cover as an ordinary couple running a travel agency. The bad news is that with their children now older—they're 14 and 11—it's not so easy to disguise their spy equipment anymore. Plus, their Soviet government-arranged marriage needs some sexual healing, and it's getting more difficult to hide their evil KGB ways from the FBI agent (Noah Emmerich) living across the street. Creator/executive producer Joseph Weisberg, a former CIA agent, gave us a top-secret glimpse into the show's inner workings.

With so many dangers to our country, are you worried that American audiences will root against the Jenningses?
That's a funny question. Four years ago, when I first conceived the show, I thought that setting it against the backdrop of the Cold War in the 1980s allowed us to better examine who or what is an enemy of the American people. The worldwide situation has certainly changed, but the series being set then, not now, makes it viable entertainment instead of a threat for the viewing audience.

Are you in any way still involved with the CIA?
No. I write or cowrite four episodes every season. Because of the secrecy agreement that I signed before and after I left the CIA, I have to show them my scripts, but they rarely make changes or suggestions.

Could *The Americans* be a major network series?
One of the most interesting things about the KGB is that it trained its officers to use sex to get what they needed. The CIA does not do this. [Sex] is a major part of *The Americans*. We could never depict it the way we need to on a broadcast network.

On the other hand, there have always been rich and complex shows on broadcast networks, and these days, there are also some very dark ones. So who knows, maybe *The Americans* could be on a broadcast network if it weren't for the sex.

What have been some of the major changes in the CIA since you left?
Who knows? They don't tell me anything anymore. It looks like it's become an organization focused on fighting terrorism. I suspect it's still plagued by the same bureaucratic problems it always had. Judging by what I've seen in the press, I think the Agency has had some spectacular successes since I've left, greater than anything in its entire previous history. That's so impressive, it almost makes me question my general belief that espionage is ultimately counterproductive and does far more damage than good over the long term—almost, but not quite.

What did the CIA do wrong that let 9/11 happen?
I don't think you can blame the CIA for 9/11. With hindsight, it's possible to see how it could have been prevented, but with hindsight, we could have prevented World War I, World War II, and just about every other terrible thing that's ever happened.

Could another 9/11 occur in this decade?
Sure. The only way to make ourselves somewhat safer from terrorism is to reduce the number of enemies we have. This is a difficult, long-term task that requires a fundamental rethinking of how the United States approaches the world. I'm not sure we're interested in going in that direction as a nation. And even if we are, there's only a chance it would make us safer, not a guarantee.

If the show was set in the current day, how would it be different?
[There would be] lots of computers and cellphones and technology, which would make it a lot less difficult to communicate. Oh, the old days! Everyone on the show would miss them. Not just because pay phones were fun, in their own weird way, but because you had more problems when you couldn't reach everyone in an instant. Problems are good for television shows.

Any major changes coming up this season?
Yes, the Soviet Union will discover that Afghanistan is about to become its own Vietnam!

In an interview Barbra Streisand gave to *The New York Times* last year, she was reported as not being able to "get enough of *The Americans*." The writer failed to detail what Streisand was referring to. What do you think she meant?
I'm not sure. The way the story was written, it was an odd comment. Assuming Barbra's a fan of our show and your magazine, I hope she reads this and she's ready to consider acting on *The Americans*. She would be very interesting to write for.

In the first season Elizabeth used sex to get what she wanted. In the next season she became extremely violent. Now what?
She puts her vision forward as to what she, her marriage, and her mission should be. The "honey trap," which is what Elizabeth called her methods in season one, resulted in her having profound difficulties with Phillip because he objected on moral grounds. Trust me: All the questions people have about the characters at the end of last year, like the potential split in the Jennings household, are going to be addressed and examined seriously.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY BEHAR/SIPA USA/AP IMAGES

Titmouse Inc presents two of the most dynamic, inventive animated shows to ever beam into your glowing eyes. For a new season of Superjail, we've got 7 brand new tee shirts designs. Warden! Alice! Jailbot! More! And for the kickoff of Adult Swim's first-ever major online series, King Star King, we have the bold, UNBELIEVABLE POWER TEE!!!

All shirts printed on 100% cotton American Apparel tees.

Get yours NOW at titmousestuff.com ! WE MAKE CARTOONS! And other stuff.

Safer Sext

You want homemade porn for V-Day, but celebrity photo leaks and revenge porn have your girl running scared. These tips will help you assure her you can keep her sexy selfies away from prying eyes.

By Violet Blue

Your girl's not free for a hookup until next week? Obviously, it's time for a little casual sexting. Hey, you're not alone: Most people take nude selfies and videos with their phones. However, the fun of exchanging dirty photos and videos in an instant comes with the serious task of maintaining privacy. You need to think about the security chain your photos travel through to get to their destination, and the destination itself.

If your girl's gun-shy about taking a sexy selfie and hitting SEND or making some good, old-fashioned homemade porn, she's wise to be worried. Celebrity photo hacks, the rise of revenge porn, and every privacy breach of the week in today's headlines are enough to make many of us nervous about pulling a provocative pose. Most people who have been hacked don't even know it, and women don't need to be celebs to get targeted.

But to live in a world without sexting, filthy-selfie swapping, or homemade porn—that's no life for us, thank you very much. Indeed, with all the app hooking-up we're doing these days, you don't need to be a horndog sexter to know that we're all getting more action through our phones and desktops than in the flesh.

With great homemade porn comes great responsibility. This means giving up a few conveniences, like changing automatic cloud backups to manual backups, and double-checking and editing all the app permissions on tablets, phones, and desktops. It also means you should:

1. DO AN APP-PRIVACY AUDIT

Remember your privacy settings when you set up your phone's Facebook account? We didn't think so. **Both of you should check your settings before you snap your junk and hit "send"**—you'll thank us for it later.

2. REQUIRE PASS CODES AND PINS

If you ever send or receive anything dirty, **you *must* activate the pass-code feature on your phone—unless you're okay with anyone taking and sharing your sex stash** while you're asleep or drunk, you get your phone or laptop stolen, or you're simply not paying attention.

3. USE YOUR OWN DEVICE—PERIOD

Never sign in on someone else's phone, computer, or tablet. Your login information can be recorded if they've been hacked, or you may remain logged-in by accident.

4. DON'T TRUST APPS

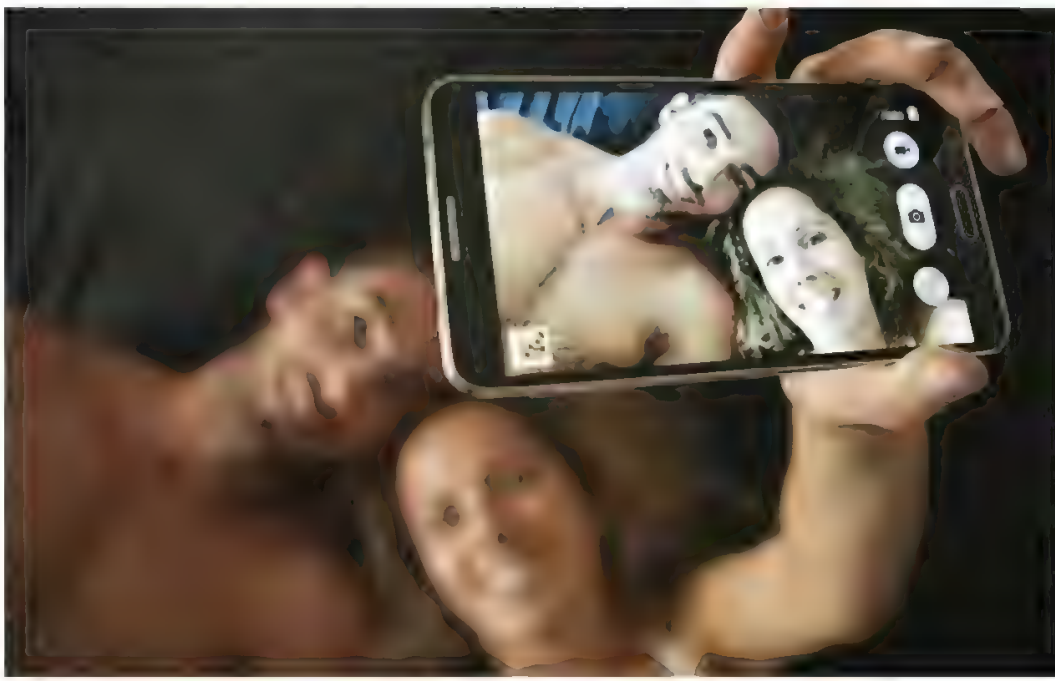
As consumers, we have no way of ensuring apps are secure, and even the bigger app-making companies can fuck up your privacy violations if you're making DIY porn. It's a high-risk situation, really; shoddily made apps are doors waiting to be opened. Especially when you consider that kits to hack laptop, desktop, tablet, and phone cameras are not only cheap, but easy to obtain, and they disable all evidence of recording. Android phones are notoriously unpatched and insecure, Apple only cares if celebs are exploited, and Google doesn't really prevent apps from taking all sorts of data from your phone. **Many apps have access to your phone's gallery. Take your dirty-photo exchanges into safer channels than Snapchat.**

5. LOOK FOR COPIES

Look at the apps you're using to take and send your risqué pics: **Is the app making a copy of the photo or video anywhere on the device?** If you're emailing, do your tablet and/or phone hold copies of your sent email? Disable and delete it, stat.

6. TURN OFF LOCATION

Geolocation and information stored in a photo's file (called "exif data") can reveal precisely where an image or video was taken. **With a simple program, snoops can find out exactly where those delicious D-cups or that stylish dick pic were snapped, and link it to you.** Make sure that you have geotagging (location) turned off on your phone and in any app you use to take photos.



7. DELETE OR STORE SECURELY OFFLINE

Make sure you remove photos from your phone as soon as possible. **If you must save them, put them on a hard drive that stays unconnected to the internet. Remove the incriminating photos from the camera's folder and put them in a file you set to private, if your operating system allows it.** You can also nest the folders and give them boring, innocuous names. Know that when you delete a photo from your phone or computer, it's not 100 percent deleted. Companies that recover files from broken computers have gotten in trouble for collecting and sharing nudes they find on customers' machines. Deleting photos will stop most people from finding them, but not all, though you should definitely do it anyway. Store them offline. Sticking to the rule to delete your filthy fun-time shots also means you won't have to scroll past them when showing your mom the photos on your new phone.

If your girlfriend wants to be the one to hold on to everything—"just in case" you two end up in a nasty break-up—either let her or delete everything permanently together when you're done. Letting her keep the video file is worth it if it means you get to shoot it in the first place.

8. DON'T INCRIMINATE YOURSELF

Before you hit "send" or even before you press the "record" button, look around to make sure nothing is in the background that can identify your location, including pieces of mail, license plates, and work or home exteriors. **If you're playing in secret, keep your face out of it.** Reassure your lady: It's not that you don't think her eyes are gorgeous sex bombs, but better to be safe than sorry if she gets hacked—and girls, trust me when I tell you he doesn't need your face to get off. For the sake of your privacy, for once, that's a good thing.

You've got to be smart about sexting and vigilant about privacy to make your lover feel comfortable and safe enough to believe that sending you side-boob shots is sexy and fun—not nerve-racking or regrettable. With a set of digital-dirty best practices in place for you and your playmates, no one will get fired, extorted, or internet-humiliated over something shot for your own private entertainment.

Violet Blue is the author of *The Smart Girl's Guide to Privacy* (eBook: Digita Publications; upcoming paperback: No Starch Press).

PHOTOGRAPH BY (TOP RIGHT) B2M PRODUCTIONS/GETTY IMAGES

Everything Is Illuminated

W. Kamau Bell's Oh, Everything! tour is lighting up comedy clubs this winter, casting a mirthful gleam on social issues, race relations, and family life.

By John Bolster

As W. Kamau Bell explains it, most comics get into the trade because they don't want a day job. But the better they get at stand-up comedy, the more likely they are to get a day job—such as anchoring a talk show, or carrying a sitcom, or, in his case, hosting a socio-political comedy show called *Totally Biased With W. Kamau Bell*, which aired on FX from August 2012 to November 2013.

Now, the phrase "sociopolitical comedy" may sound like an oxymoron on par with "jumbo shrimp," but Bell and his team of writers (all of whom were stand-up comics) pulled it off, primarily by making sure to hit the second part of the phrase just as hard as the first. They cranked out 64 episodes in that span, and the show succeeded in presenting, in Bell's words, "the kind of comedy [I'd] always wanted to do: heartfelt and fierce."

But it was a grind, and there were many different cooks in the kitchen, especially when the show expanded from one night a week to five. That shift coincided with a move to the FX Network's rebranded channel FXX—which many viewers still have yet to locate—and unfortunately for fans of the show, *Totally Biased* suffered a ratings dip, and was canceled after its second season. But Bell lived to fight another day, and he's currently got several projects in the works, including a national stand-up tour that he launched in November. We checked in with him just before he hit the road.

You and your wife just had your second kid, congratulations.
Yeah, thank you—little baby girl.

And now you're about to go on tour for three months. How's that going to work?
[*Laughs*] Well—it's not three solid months. It's basically like three solid weeks and then I'm back for a long weekend, and then I go out for another week, and so on.... Three weeks is already bad enough, but three months—I don't think I'd be allowed to come back after that. I'd have to just send checks and leave it at that.

You grew up in Chicago, and you went to college in Philadelphia, but then you launched your career in San Francisco. What drew you to the Bay Area?
I was actually born in Palo Alto, and San Francisco, by process of elimination, just seemed like a place where I could go and develop. Even though it's a major city, it's a little bit off the beaten path, so you can grow like a weed until you decide you want to go ... sell your weed somewhere. That was not meant to be a weed joke, but it ended up that way.

You did live in New York City for a while.
Yeah. I had moved to New York, for a couple of years, to do—I thought maybe *forever*—to do the TV show I was working on [*Totally Biased*]. But when that shut down, we sort of realized that—a lot having to do with the [first] kid and everything, but also just the pace of life—we were like, "Raising two kids in New York sounds like a bad reality show."

I'm doing it, and it can be pretty hectic—especially with the school issue.
Well, the only thing we had on our side when we started looking at the schools was that we had one of those mixed-race babies that are very popular right now.

[*Laughs*] She could've gone to any school you wanted.
Yeah, we'd walk in and they'd be, "*Oh*, we need one more of these. Yes, yes."

Speaking of *Totally Biased*, what did you learn from that experience?
What did I learn from that experience—suddenly, we cut to three hours later and I'm crying and yelling at you. I learned ... that TV is complicated.

The one thing about being a standup is I get to go onstage with a plan, and then if in the middle of that plan I decide to do something else, I just do something else. But TV is a business, and there are different things to respond to, and different inputs you have to take in. There were just a lot of different masters. And, you know, as a black guy, I'm not a fan of any masters.

You did some very funny man-on-the-street segments on *Totally Biased* that often dealt with hot-button issues. Were there ever any tense or dangerous moments during filming?
There was never a straight-up dangerous moment. A lot of times we went to places where we were looking for tension, and we wouldn't find as much tension as we wanted [*laughs*]. The one thing I found is that people are just basically people, and, especially with the way I approached them, everybody would let their guard down.

You were able to smooth over any tension.
Well, I have a couple of benefits on my side. One, I am generally a very friendly person. I'm also six feet four, 250 pounds. I have the soul of a friendly person, in the body of somebody who's like, "Don't make me flip a table over!" Those two things often come together to make my walking around the world pretty okay. Also: I stay out of the way of cops.

I was looking at some old clips of you doing stand-up, and in one you said, "There may be a black president someday, but there will never be a black president named Barack Obama." Obviously this was before he was elected. So have you ever looked back at a joke that you've made and, maybe not regretted it, but felt like you had to go back and modify it?
Well, there are certainly jokes that I regret—absolutely [*laughs*]. But that joke happens to not be one of them, because I think I was so ahead of the curve on that. I take pride out of the fact that I said Obama's name on television in 2005, and probably he'd only said his name on television once before that. Just the fact that I even zeroed in on that dude in 2005.

I assume that when you perform these days, most of the audience is there to see you; they know what you're all about. But early on, did you ever have any encounters with audiences who were like, "What the heck is this guy talking about?"
I had that encounter two weeks ago, here in San Francisco.

Did you really?
Yeah. And the way you said it is true—most of the people come out to see you. But no matter how famous the comedian is, or how big the venue is, somebody dragged a friend. So, it was like two weeks ago, at this place called the Cynic Cave, which is literally a 35-seat venue in the basement of a video store in the Mission District of San Francisco. You can't get more hip than that. And this white guy in the front row said something out loud. I said, "What'd you say?" And he said, "I just was wondering if you could get through a whole set without making fun of white people." I asked him, "How did you end up here?" And it turned out that a friend of his had dragged him there. So I said, "Look, I came to a basement of a video store to do exactly what I want to do. If I can't do it here, then there's no place I can do it. So if you want to stick here and watch me—and there will be making fun of white people—then enjoy it, but shut up. Or you can get up and leave."

Or, we can make fun of *you* for the rest of the set.
Yeah! All day. And he got very, like, Julius Caesar—he sort of waved his hand, like, "Move on, move on." I said, "No. If you keep telling me to move on, I'll make the entire rest of the show about you." At that point, other people in the crowd were like, *"Noooooo!"*

So that happened in San Francisco, which is kind of a liberal bastion. Have you ever played in Mississippi, or North Florida, or Louisiana?
On this tour, I'm going to be playing some places that I've never played before. I will be playing Alabama. I've played Arizona, which was scary to me, although not necessarily in the same way. But, you know, the funny thing is that if you go outside of any major city, about a half hour or 45 minutes outside of every major city, it's basically the South. You don't have to go that far from a major city to feel like, *Am I in Alabama?* ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTHIAS CLAMER/FX

PENTHOUSE
ACTOR
MICHAEL K. WILLIAMS
GOES BACK TO BROOKLYN
FOR POP SHOTS
DON'T FEAR THE CREEPER
ARIANA MARIE'S
CENTERFOLD
Gorgeous
ISSUE
NOVEMBER 2014
$8.99 U.S.

GET YOUR FAVORITE PENTHOUSE

TITLES DIGITALLY DELIVERED TO YOUR COMPUTER OR MOBILE DEVICE!

SUBSCRIBE AT
WWW.PENTHOUSEMAGAZINE.COM/PSP

You must be 18 years of age or older to subscribe

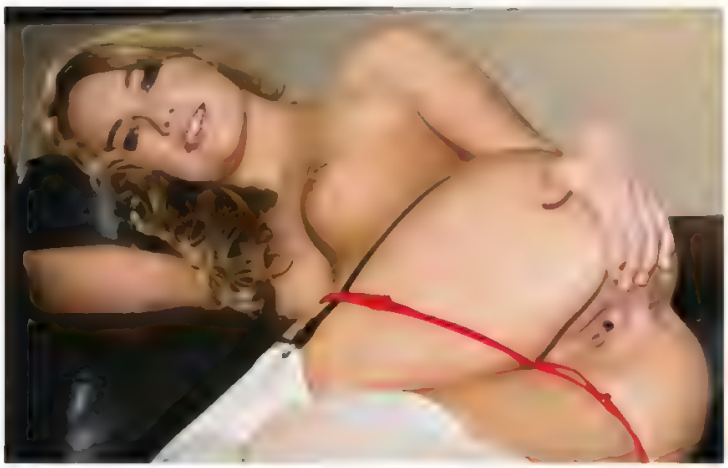
HOME, JAMES

If only we could summon the gorgeous and laid-back Serena Valentine's Issue Pet of the Month to our humble abode that is!

Photographed by Tommy Scott

"My favorite fantasy would be a nice, quiet dinner right on the beach—a white Australian beach—then a barefoot walk in the sand. I'm a romantic."

"I'm also kind of adventurous. I started working as an exotic dancer as soon as I was legal, when I was still in high school."



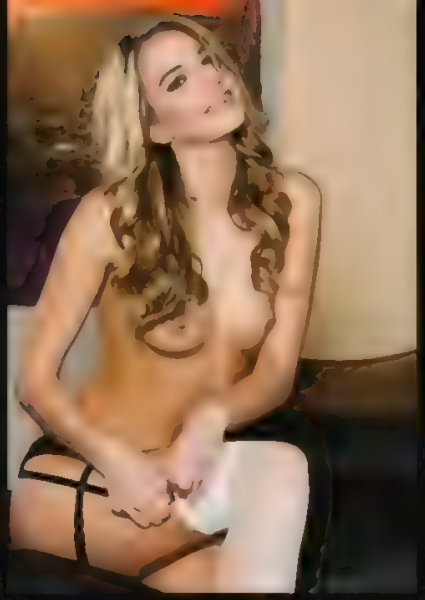
⇩ TEAR HERE ⇩

⇩ TEAR HERE ⇩

"The most exciting place I've had sex is in the back of a car in a parking lot, but my most remarkable sexual experience was when I learned that I could squirt."

PENTHOUSE
KENNA JAMES FEBRUARY 2015 PET OF THE MONTH

Kenna James



Vital stats:
36-25-35; 5'8"
20 years old

Hometown:
Evansville, Indiana.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
My favorite strip club is there, the Pony, and there's a great mall.

What do you do for a living?
I'm taking one semester off from my studies in veterinary medicine to model and work in the adult industry.

What's the best thing about your job?
I enjoy the income, of course, and I meet very unique and interesting people.

Your favorite food and drink:
Pasta and seafood; sweet tea.

Your favorite kind of music:
I love all types, except bluegrass.

What music gets you in the mood?
Dubstep really gets me going.

Your favorite TV shows:
Dexter, House M.D., Archer.

What's the hottest movie sex scene?
Titanic and *Risky Business*.

Your favorite way to work out:
Dancing on my stripper pole or doing yoga.

Your favorite way to relax:
Doing yoga and listening to music.

Your favorite sex positions:
Missionary, doggie, sixty-nine.

Call my sexy friends!
1-800-SEXY-PET
♡♡XOXO♡♡
(1-800-739-9738)
CALLERS MUST BE 18 OR OLDER. COST: $4.99 TO $5.99/MINUTE

SEE MORE OF KENNA AT **PENTHOUSE.COM**.

We're turning 50 and we're celebrating in glorious 3D!

PENTHOUSE® is excited to introduce the biggest thing to happen to books "since the photograph"!

Our Very First, All 3D Book!

Our History - the Good, the Bad & the Beautiful uniquely pictured in amazing, "NO GLASSES 3D"!

It's been an incredible 50 years since our magazine first hit the stands in the UK and now it's time to celebrate. Each copy of our **Strictly Limited Worldwide Release** is hand-bound, numbered and beautifully gift boxed.

Take yourself back to when we first met

Reserve your copy today before they run out. Exclusive Gift with pre-order only for Penthouse Readers. Find out more at **penthousestore.com** **CODE: JAN50**

R3D MEDIA

Published and distributed for sale by R3D MEDIA Pty Ltd. ©2014 All rights. PENTHOUSE and the One Key logo are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. and used under license.

WATCHING THE DETECTIVES

The tools of the trade have changed in the age of the internet, but private investigators still carry on in the spirit of J. J. Gittes and Sam Spade, tackling mysteries the cops can't, or won't—from domestic disputes to death-penalty cases.

By Matt Caputo · Illustration by Jon Proctor

Pulp Nonfiction

Paul Baeppler started trailing the stripper right away.

In 2009, he'd been a Cleveland cop for 16 years and a private investigator for five, having started the second job in 2004. His hunch was that when a local real estate tycoon took his stripper girlfriend out of town and returned to find cash stolen from his home, the stripper was probably in on it.

"The police don't have the resources to follow up on these types of things the way I do," says Baeppler, the 45-year-old owner of Integrity Investigations. "The client was very wealthy and wanted answers immediately."

The stripper, Renee Hill, worked out of a place called Bugsy's in Elyria, Ohio, and had cozied up to her landlord, the local real estate tycoon, Charles Shimola. Hill, then 39, earned the then-62-year-old man's trust before arranging for Shimola to fly her to Chicago to secure a passport for a vacation while her accomplice, Anthony Maldonado, broke into Shimola's home in the affluent Cleveland suburb of Westlake and stole $250,000 in cash that was stashed in a toolbox in the basement. The plot was simple enough, and although Shimola did suspect his stripper friend, he had no concrete evidence.

"When I caught up with her, she was flush with cash," says Baeppler, who shadowed Hill for a week. "I put a GPS tracker on her and followed her everywhere to see where she was spending money."

Baeppler and another investigator

he employs watched Hill while she ate at fancy restaurants, checked herself into a classy hotel, and splurged at Victoria's Secret. Soon enough, Baeppler called Hill's cellphone to inform her that the jig was up. Hill gave up Maldonado, and Baeppler contacted the police. Maldonado made a run for it, but the cops eventually caught him. Hill had only $15,000 left, and Maldonado led authorities to a spot near the West Virginia border, where he had buried $35,000.

Although the authorities never recovered all the cash, Baeppler's tracking techniques provided enough evidence to get some of it back, and to convict Hill and Maldonado, who both went to prison.

"I don't get that kind of case very often," Baeppler says. "Maybe only about six times a year." But they're the cases that stay on his mind for a while.

• Tools of the Trade

Baeppler's day usually starts at 6:30 A.M., when he reviews all the GPS tracking information he's using in his various cases. He says he looks for "anomalies and irregularities" in the data derived from the 5 to 12 devices he uses for different projects at a given time.

"Every Sunday night, I go to bed wondering what kind of case we'll come across that week," Baeppler says. "We work for folks who feel they're being ripped off, lied to, or cheated somehow. In other cases, people are concerned about the safety of a loved one and they're just looking for peace of mind."

A lot of his work concerns family issues and employee integrity. There are kids from rich families who run away with drug dealers, married doctors house-hunting with married patients they're having affairs with, mothers abandoning their husbands and children to move to a new city with their boyfriends, and worker's compensation plaintiffs who are found running marathons. He's seen quite a few things. Like the Amish mom who went out "dirty dancing" in Akron, seeking flings, unbeknownst to her husband.

"She went to a bed-and-breakfast in a rural town before Akron," Baeppler says. "She walked in dressed like an Amish person and walked out in high heels and tight jeans, and she ended up shacking up with a guy that night."

Baeppler has also worked divorce and cheating cases. In recent years, social media have played a bigger and bigger role in snaring cheaters and souring relationships. Baeppler says investigators sometimes use assumed identities to access Facebook and Instagram accounts. Other times, they employ off-duty law-enforcement hackers to help them crack phones and computer accounts.

But Baeppler's favorite tool is the GPS tracking device. He's used it in a variety of cases and finds it most effective. When the data goes back to Baeppler's computer, a cheating spouse is no match for the accuracy of the evidence it produces. However, using the device isn't always as easy as it sounds.

"One night I went to retrieve a GPS, and a neighbor opened their door and let their dog out after me," says Baeppler, who carries a firearm because of his police gig. "Luckily, I'm good at hopping fences."

• Law and Order

While some PIs snoop on cheating spouses and track missing kids, others focus on trial-related investigation. Ethan Brown is a private investigator living in New Orleans who works to eliminate the death penalty from murder cases. He conducts in-person, pretrial interviews with defendants in order to establish a fair and accurate character sketch of the accused.

"In first-degree cases where the death penalty is on the table, I do an extensive social history of the defendant, including interviewing family members, classmates, and friends, and by obtaining medical, employment, and education records," says Brown. "My caseload is mostly first-degree murder because of my death-penalty background, and much of the work is tracking down witnesses."

Like most private eyes, Brown is very resourceful and a skilled interviewer. Before he became an investigator in early 2010, Brown was a journalist and the author of several popular crime books, including *Queens Reigns Supreme: Fat Cat, 50 Cent, and the Rise of the Hip-Hop Hustler* in 2005; *Snitch: Informants, Cooperators, and the Corruption of Justice* in 2007; and *Shake the Devil Off* in 2010, which expanded on his *Penthouse* article about Zackery Brown, who murdered and dismembered his girlfriend, Addie Hall, before jumping to his death from a New Orleans hotel. After growing tired of the politics of the publishing

world, Brown decided to go back to school. "In Louisiana, you have to take a 40-hour class, a PI exam, and then submit a lengthy application," he says. "In my case, as an independent contractor, I had to demonstrate three-plus years of work in an investigative capacity before I could open my private practice in 2012."

Brown works directly for defense attorneys on cases that are literally matters of life-and-death for the defendants involved. Despite the nature of their research, and the unsavory characters they may come across, the average PI downplays the dangerous elements that Hollywood has always loved.

"I think the danger element is vastly exaggerated. Particularly in my case, where my emphasis is on approaching witnesses respectfully and with a huge amount of care," Brown says. "That said, former law-enforcement folks who become PIs often—but not always—take a different approach, and often—but not always—come across like they are interrogating witnesses."

• G-Man

Gracie Mews is the kind of discreet, diner-menu Manhattan eatery where you might meet a seasoned private investigator on a rainy day. Joe O'Brien is tall and white-haired, a grandfather who was hired by J. Edgar Hoover in the late 1960s to work for the FBI. He worked for the Bureau for nearly 20 years, and tells me his first assignment was "dodging bullets" in Wounded Knee Creek, South Dakota. Today, over breakfast, he's juggling inquires for his investigative services. "I'm not a really good businessman—if you ask me, I'm a better investigator," O'Brien says, trading his cellphone for a coffee mug.

In 1983, O'Brien and another FBI agent, Andris Kurins, planted a hidden microphone in the Staten Island home of mob figure Paul Castellano. The microphones they hid in the kitchen collected 600 hours of incriminating evidence that led to eight trials. O'Brien earned an Attorney General's distinguished service award in 1987. "I had a couple of contracts put out on me by the mob, so I moved up to Syracuse. [But] word was, there were contracts out on me there, too," O'Brien says softly. "It was chatter among the wise guys."

Since leaving the feds in 1991, O'Brien has been a full-time private investigator, and he takes pride in righting wrongs, even helping wrongfully convicted criminals get released from prison. In 2011, Kareem Bellamy of Queens, New York, was released after serving 14 years in prison for a stabbing O'Brien worked four years to prove he didn't commit.

"I had a couple of contracts put out on me by the mob, so I moved up to Syracuse," O'Brien says. "[But] word was, there were contracts out on me there, too."

But O'Brien doesn't take just any case, and he's got to be convinced the person is innocent. "I'm very selective in the pro bono cases I take. If you're trying to convince me you're innocent, you have to take and pass a polygraph examination administered by a retired FBI guy, a buddy of mine," O'Brien says. "I'll take the case and work on it for nothing if you pass."

O'Brien has tasted some of the glamour of being part of a good crime story. The book he coauthored, *Boss of Bosses: The FBI and Paul Castellano,* became a *New York Times* best-seller in 1992, and was made into a TV movie starring Chazz Palminteri in 2001. "But it's not all excitement, shoot-outs, and glamorous women," O'Brien says, chuckling hard.

O'Brien has handled cases all over the world. In the Dominican Republic, he uncovered a recycling scam where he found out that Corona beer bottles were being refilled with bug juice, re-capped, and resold. In Amsterdam, he performed a "trash cover" (PI talk for studying garbage) to uncover a runaway girl's pregnancy test and the fact that she'd given birth to a child. In order to get more information, he borrowed a dog to get close to the parents while they pushed a stroller. He walked away with the baby's gender, name, and age, and even snapped a picture for the worried grandparents in the States.

"Resourcefulness is what it always comes down to, and you've got to be good with people, and you've got to be relentless," says O'Brien. "If I'm anything, I'm a truth-seeker."

Like most private investigators with their own practice, O'Brien is basically a small-business owner with an elaborate website that explains his services and certifications. Some of his career highlights include finding a missing grad student living with a reclusive cult, discovering that a mother of missing children was actually their murderer, and uncovering that a wealthy university benefactor had been fooled into changing her will.

For a price, PIs like O'Brien can help solve your mystery, often when no one else can. They'll be on the job long after the police have run out of man-hours, and if you shop around, you can find some well-qualified, seasoned investigators to take your case. You do need to do your homework, though.

"In some states, you can just wake up one morning and call yourself a private investigator," O'Brien says. Alabama, Alaska, and South Dakota, for example, have no PI license requirements (though you do need a state business license in those states). But the truth is, to be an effective PI, you need a lot of expertise and experience. "There's a lot you've got to know even before you start investigating," says O'Brien. The state of Rhode Island, by contrast, does not require a PI license, but anyone looking to set up shop there as an investigator needs two of the following, according to the state's private-investigator website: "Previous law-enforcement experience; a college degree in criminal justice; five years of documented experience working for a licensed private investigator."

Those elements make up the background of a qualified PI, and, ideally, yield individuals who are skilled in records research, surveillance, and interviewing. Almost every state in the U.S. has an Association of Licensed Investigators, the best place to start your search for a PI (or to gather advice on becoming one).

Combine the above-mentioned abilities with years of experience and the flexibility to devote hours to a case, and you've got an investigator who can crack cases that might otherwise go cold in the hands of law enforcement.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAMY

The Hottest Valentine's Gift Ever

Our sister website, AdultFriendFinder.com, is providing a sensual, steamy, and stimulating way for its Gold members to increase their sexual skills, as well as their sexual satisfaction. This month we talk about giving your lover a happy ending.

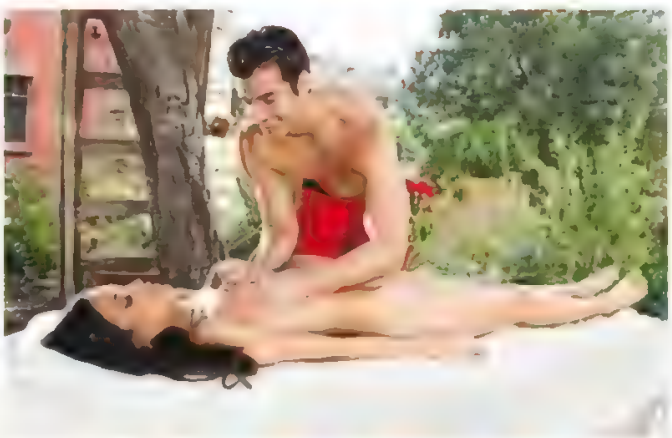
By Ava Cadell, PhD

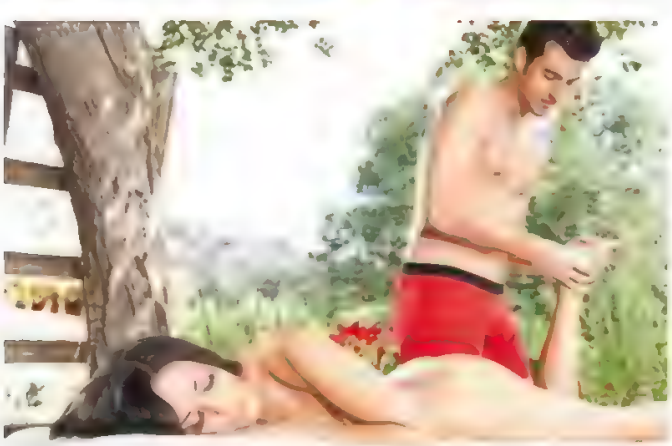
An erotic massage is a very personal, passionate, and precious gift that your lover will always remember. First, create a sensual atmosphere by turning off cellphones and laptops, dimming the lights, burning scented candles or incense, playing sexy music, and warming the room. Tactile toys like feathers, vibrators, and dildos are optional, but they can increase erotic sensations.

Invite your lover to lie down naked on her back. Get undressed and rub oil all over your body so you can start with a hands-free massage. As you climb on top of your partner, blow cool breath on her neck, around her nipples, and all the way down her torso to between her legs to arouse goose bumps. Then caress her skin using every part of your body except your hands. Your nose and chin can nuzzle, your arms and legs can stroke, and your butt and genitals can press and slide all over her. Stimulating each other's erogenous zones this way ignites a tingling sensation and releases feel-good endorphins that will get you both in the mood for the next erotic phase.

For your valentine's happy ending, switch to a water-based lube, as putting oil inside the vagina can cause irritation and possibly trigger an infection. With her lying on her back, gently spread her legs and stroke her inner thighs to tease her. Be sure to tell her how beautiful she looks and compliment her on how soft her skin feels, giving her sexual confidence.

Next, slowly run your fingers up and down the perineum (the area between her anus and vulva) as you trace the outline of her anus with your thumb, then slide back up to her vaginal opening. Gently part her outer lips and caress them with your thumb and fingers. Do the same with her inner lips. As you feel her getting more juicy, slide your fingers up to either side of her clitoral hood, lift it up, and expose her erect clitoris (which can increase to three times its size when aroused, just like a penis). Rub it gently using the pads of two fingers in circular motions. Pay close attention to her body language and stop before she has a clitoral orgasm. Prolong the massage by stroking her entire front side so that her arousal level dips a little while her relaxation level increases.





You can find lots of tips and techniques, illustrated with photos and video demonstrations, in the Erotic Massage for Couples course. Here's hoping your Valentine's Day has a happy ending!

Add more lube by slowly inserting your middle finger slightly into her vagina and massaging all around her U spot (located above and on either side of the urethral opening), alternating vertical and horizontal motions. Then insert your finger deeper with your palm facing up and the middle finger in a "come here" gesture to explore her G spot, about two inches inside the vagina on the upper wall. (You can identify it by its ridges, which feel like corduroy.) Massage her G spot with tapping finger movements.

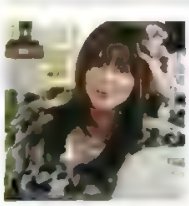
For the ultimate internal massage, go even deeper toward the cervix to stimulate her A spot (the anterior fornix), which readily lubricates within seconds. Finally, if you can stroke her G and A spots with one hand and her clitoris with the other, she can reach a body-melting "trigasm" and may even ejaculate. Now that's what I call a memorable Valentine's Day gift!

If she wants to reciprocate, the first thing she needs to know is that giving a guy an erotic massage with a happy ending takes more enthusiasm than skill. Tell her to start by spreading plenty of massage oil or lube all over your penis and scrotum. Next, place one hand on the shaft and stroke up and down while the other hand gently encircles the testicles. After three minutes of this, move on to "Making the Fire," which is where she places the shaft between the palms of her hands and moves one hand forward and the other backward. She should speed up her rhythm as you get more aroused.

Next, she gently moves both hands in opposite directions in a corkscrew motion over the penis, one hand twisting up as the other twists down, for "Spiraling the Stalk." Then she concentrates on just massaging the penis from top to bottom at least ten times, covering the head and sliding her hands down to the base with one hand after the other in fluid motions. She should also give you some physical compliments about your body to make you feel sexually confident, as you did for her.

Finally, she slides her fingers up and down your perineum from anus to scrotum, feeling for a pea-size indentation about midway. Pressing on this "million-dollar point" externally stimulates the prostate gland, which can intensify your pleasure. Tell her that some men will hold out until they get the ultimate erotic stimulation of a hot, wet mouth and tongue, but as you're likely to be on the verge of orgasm, it'll be the easiest blowjob she's ever given. She can go down on you with passion, massaging your penis with her mouth and throat and your testicles with her wet hand, using her jaw to increase suction until you explode.

You can find lots of exciting tips and techniques, illustrated with photos and video demonstrations, in the Sex Academy Erotic Massage for Couples course. Here's hoping your Valentine's Day has a happy ending!



Dr. Ava Cadell is a world-renowned sexpert with a master's degree in human behavior and a PhD in human sexuality. She is president of the American College of Sexologists International, the founder of Loveology University, a media therapist, a global speaker, and the author of nine books.

...'S OUR TINY

"I like to have at least one orgasm a day. I think that's every woman's right. But I try to avoid doing anything sexual for a few days before a shoot. That way I can be a hot, sexy mess on camera."

"My favorite vacation spot is Las Vegas, 'cause it's the happiest place on earth. (Sorry, Disneyland, but Vegas has alcohol!) Plus, I love the lights."

"The hottest movie sex scene is the three-way in *Wild Things*. I've never had a threesome ☹. That's why a threesome is my favorite fantasy."

SEE MORE OF DESTINY AT PENTHOUSE.COM

Bunny Tales

EACH MONTH WE'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO ONE OF THE LOVELY LADIES OF THE BUNNY RANCH EMPIRE—AND REMEMBER, YOU *CAN* TOUCH THIS!

[illegible] is Moonlite Bunny Ranch (BunnyRanch.com) is featured in the [illegible] HBO reality-TV series *Cathouse*, [illegible] successful le[illegible] planet.

CHRISTINA ANTOINETTE

The Moonlite Bunny Ranch
69 Moonlight Road
Carson City NV 89706
775-246-9901
christinaantoinette@bunnyranch.com

PROFILE

Age: 23
Height: 5'2"
Bra size: 32D
Home state: Nevada

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

Time at the Ranch: two years
"I came to the Ranch because I'd heard it was a good job and I was working to put myself through school. I'd danced a little bit before, but I'd never done anything like this. It was incredibly intimidating at first—and then very exciting."

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

"Ever since starting at the Ranch, it's so much easier to come! My sex life has only gotten better while working here. I don't consider it a job now; it's just my life."

SKILLS AND COMPETENCIES

"Honestly, I'm good at everything I do. Not to be cocky or anything, but I enjoy making people happy. That said, I think I enjoy three-ways the most—and I have lots of sexy friends at the Ranch to do them with!"

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

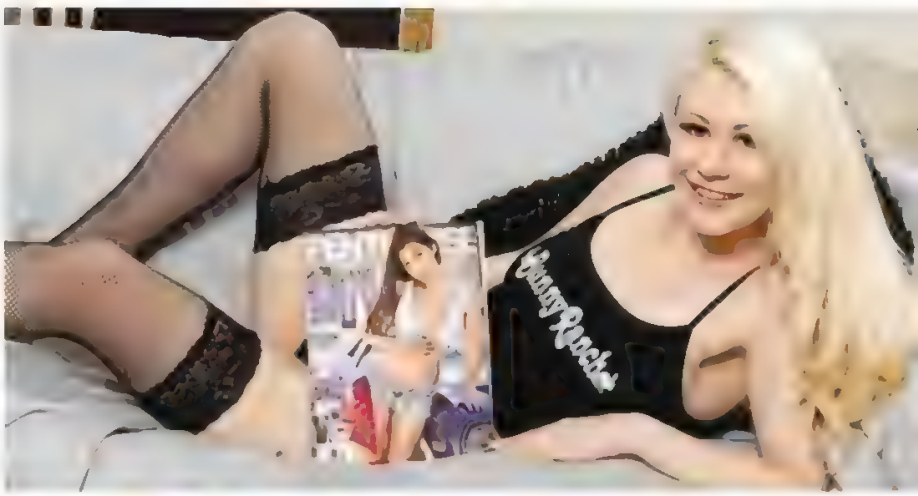
"I've had a lot of celebrities in my bedroom. Just the fact that I've done that puts me on a whole other level, and it proves that I really am every guy's sexual fantasy. I'm educated, well-traveled, I have a pretty face and a great personality, and I know how to fuck. But I'm also discreet, and I know how to follow the rules. I'm a very good girl—but I know how to be bad when I need to be."

"[As of press time] I have my anal virginity up for auction. It sounds crazy, but I've gotten a lot of bids. Men love anal sex, and I thought it would be fun to grant my first time to someone special. That's the only thing I haven't done yet, but I'm very much looking forward to it. I can't wait to see who wins!"

TEACHING OVERVIEW

"I think the best sex is from behind, but anything that changes up the angle can really lead to increased pleasure. I encourage men to really embrace doggie-style sex—and I urge their partners to let them. It will make you come so fast!

"As for advice for women, the one thing every woman should know is how to give a good blowjob. It's a really easy skill to master, too—it's not rocket science. Just be sure to use your hands, and keep your teeth out of it. A little trial and error, and you'll get the hang of it. You'll be able to win over any guy with some good head."



"THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A 'TYPICAL' SESSION. EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS IS VERY PERSONAL AND TAILORED TO EACH CLIENT. BUT ONE THING THAT'S ALMOST ALWAYS TRUE IS THAT THE GUY WANTS A NICE BLOWJOB."

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE MOONLITE BUNNY RANCH

TRY, TRY AGAIN

Our up-for-almost-anything reporter travels three adventurous paths toward orgasmic bliss: sex furniture, a viral sex tip, and a sex toy. This Valentine's Day, you reap the rewards of her newfound experience.

By Rachel Khona • Illustrations by Charlene Chau

Come Out Swinging

Ever wonder about using a sex swing? So did this intrepid reporter, who learns some lessons through trial and error.

My boyfriend J is getting older. So are all of us, for that matter, but unlike myself, his days spent in the gym are becoming fewer. Unfortunately, my raging libido and desire for varied sexual gymnastics was wearing out poor J's back and knees. I knew if I didn't want J to keep collapsing from exhaustion during our sexual escapades, I had to do something.

After J once again complained his back hurt, I stealthily consulted my oracle: Google. After much research, I realized a sex swing might be the answer to our (or maybe just my) prayers. The benefits of a sex swing are many. Though they look intimidating and reminiscent of something one might find in a dungeon, they are seemingly perfect for anyone suffering from fatigue or backache: no weight to hold, added momentum to aid in thrusting, and new and improved positions. Spinning 360! Upside-down fellatio! Not only would a sex swing save his ego (God forbid I mention doing some lifts or squats), it could also possibly spice up our sex life. I just hoped all that swinging didn't make me so dizzy that I puked on his member.

So I went online and immediately purchased two sex swings: one for the door, courtesy of Babeland; and one from Extreme Restraints, that hangs from the ceiling. Two days later they arrived. J and I were giddy, tearing open the packages like two overeager five-year-olds at Christmas. We decided to start off easy and opted for the door swing first.

ROUND 1: The Door Swing

Although it looked like some sort of medieval torture device, the sex swing was relatively straightforward. We placed the weighted ends behind my bathroom door and shut it to keep it in place. A padded seat keeps your butt comfy, while arm and leg straps allow you to hold on while getting nailed.

"Let's test the height," J suggested. "I'm gonna lift you up." Good thing one of us was thinking. The only thing on my mind was the imminent fun to be had. He lifted me up and carefully placed me on the swing, where I sat several inches too low. Clearly we were going to have to realign. Pulling on the nylon straps, J hoisted the seat and me up until our nether regions were perfectly aligned.

J gave me a few practice dry humps, just to make sure. "Looks perfect," I said flirtatiously. Now that we had everything set up, it was time to get busy. Maybe it was the excitement of experimenting with something new, or the fact that we had been sexting each other all day, but suddenly his kiss electrified me. He picked me up and threw me on the sofa, where we began making out

furiously. After we were both sufficiently warmed up, we made our way to the door to test out our new toy.

Once again, J lifted me up into the seat. It took a second, but I finally got it to sit in just the right place. Holding on to the straps, I adjusted my legs, holding them straight out in a V position, and we went at it. Unfortunately after a few thrusts, my butt began to slide off the seat. Stopping for a moment, I held on to the straps and hoisted myself further back. We resumed humping, only to find that my butt was now hitting the door. Not comfy.

"We must not be doing this right," I muttered in frustration. "All those people on Amazon loved it!"

"Okay, what if I stand farther back so we have more room and you're not hitting the door?"

"Good call."

J moved back a few inches and, rather than ramming into me, pulled my hips toward him. The position was somewhat better. J was able to pull the swing back and forth without slamming me into the door. Then it dawned on me: "What if you put your back to the door and I face the other way?" I suggested.

"*Hmm,* that's an interesting twist. Let's try it."

I dismounted and we quickly switched places. In this position, I had to keep my legs straight up and over his shoulders, like a V and not bent. Which was fine by me, but if a less-flexible lady were to get in the swing, it might not be so comfy. J once again began to move the swing back and forth. "This is kind of better. I wish the straps weren't hitting me, though."

Nonetheless, we both enjoyed this newfound position much better. Not that long after, we both came.

Still, we weren't too convinced that the door swing was the Holy Grail. Sure, it was fun, but the constricted movement and the constant worrying about banging into the door were somewhat of a buzzkill. On the other hand, J didn't get tired, nor did his back or knees ache. Plus, the door swing actually enabled us to make eye contact while upright, which brought a whole new level of intimacy. The fact that I could actually look at J inches from my face as he was thrusting made it a far deeper (literally and physically) experience than normal.

Proud of our efforts, we went to sleep looking forward to the big dog: the ceiling swing.

ROUND 2: The Ceiling Swing

While the door swing offered limited positions and movement, the ceiling swing allowed for full-360 action. Doggie-style, missionary, swinging, oral, and upside down; for two pervs like us, it was far more exciting.

The swing consisted of six straps: one that goes behind your butt, one that goes behind your back, two your feet go into, and two others to hold on to. All the straps were thickly padded with leopard-print fur to ensure we didn't get cut or burned. The swing was attached to a metal triangle with a spring. The instructions suggested installing it into a door frame, much to our chagrin.

"What is the point of installing it into a door frame?" J asked. "We won't be able to move very much."

"Fuck it, let's put it in the ceiling. We'll get more out of it."

Slightly intimidated by the technicality of it all, we (or, more specifically, J) went to work trying to install it into the ceiling. There was only one problem: My ceiling was made of cement. Literally. J attempted to drill a hole, only to find the drill wouldn't go in all the way. There was no way to install it without the proper tools, which we clearly didn't have. A more logical person might have procured the right tools ahead of time, but we were both too impulsive.

Instead, we chose to hang it from a hook in the ceiling that was currently

holding a flimsy disco ball (don't ask). We hung the swing on the ceiling, only to find out it was a foot too high. With nine-foot ceilings, this whole swing thing was proving to be a major problem. We briefly considered taking it to his apartment, but alas, he had ten-foot ceilings, so that was out. Undeterred, we were hell-bent on making this work. Cutting off an extraneous strap from the door swing, we attached it to the regular swing to give it a little extra length. He hung it on the hook.

"I'm gonna lift you up [enter cheesy nickname that shall not be revealed]. Hang on to the bar and let's see if it holds your weight."

He hoisted me up as I grabbed on to the bar while he yanked me up and down, trying to simulate what we would soon be doing. So far so good. After readjusting the height on the swing, we got ready to screw our brains out. I placed towels at the door to muffle our potential sounds, and turned on my carefully curated song list, including our all-time favorite raunchy song, Guns N' Roses's "Rocket Queen."

Once again, we got each other warmed up before I got into the swing. Lying back, I watched J's eyes light up as I placed my ankles on his shoulders.

"This is so hot!" J exclaimed as he began thrusting.

"Fuck yeah, it is!" Sex had always been enjoyable, but the sex swing opened up a whole new door to an erotic world. I felt like I had just stepped into sexual Narnia.

That is, until the flimsy hook gave way, mid-coitus, causing me to suddenly fall, thankfully crash-landing on the sofa.

"Are you okay?" J asked worriedly.

"Totes fine!" I giggled. "The couch saved me. But we have another problem: How on earth are we going to make this work? My ceilings are made of cement and yours are too high."

"I think there's only one thing left to do: Get a frame."

ROUND 3: The Sex Swing With a Frame

J was slightly worried. A frame for the sex swing is no joke and, at more than $300, a serious investment. But there was no other way to actually use the swing without it. So I ordered the frame, and two days later it arrived.

Thankfully, we could easily assemble it, and then disassemble it and put it away, so it wouldn't be sitting in the middle of my apartment like an advertisement for our sexual proclivities. After 15 minutes, the stand was up and ready to go. We attached the swing, sure that this time our efforts would not go unrewarded.

We started off again in the same position as before: legs up above his shoulders. With the swing's added momentum and bounce factor (thanks to the spring attached), J was able to thrust with little effort. As for me, being strapped into a swing while weightlessly bouncing up and down was a sensation I had never felt outside of a ride at an amusement park, much less during sex. Suffice it to say, this was one ride that I could go on again and again.

But we didn't want to come too soon. So we switched things up to slow down the pace. I leaned back as he came around for a little oral action. It seemed sexy at first, but as the swing started to move around I lost my grip and began to swing away from him. J decided to grasp the straps to hold me in place, and before we knew it we had our groove on. As an added bonus, J soon figured out he could hold on to just one strap and touch me with the other hand. It was like a new version of sixty-nineing. To say we were in sexual heaven would be an understatement. The new sensations, positions, and views all added up to a sensual, saucy sexual frenzy.

We decided to tackle one last position before we allowed ourselves to finally explode—doggie-style. I got out, flipped over, and got ready for our final hurrah. As doggie-style was one of our favorite positions, I was eager to see how J would enjoy it.

Personally, I didn't find it particularly comfortable lying on my stomach on two straps, even if they were padded, but once I lost myself in the heat of the moment, I found it considerably more pleasurable. J, for his part, loved

it. In doggie-style, it was much easier to grab my hips and move me back and forth than when I was on my back. And unlike regular doggie-style, it required much less thrusting.

After 30-some minutes of sexual acrobatics, both of us finally came. The final verdict? Sex swings are amazing. It's like going to the local amusement park your whole life and then suddenly discovering Disney World. Sure, the regular amusement park is great. It's fun, it makes you feel good, and it puts a smile on your face. But Disney World is mind-blowing. You can't go there every day, but once in a while it can knock your socks off. Even if it's a so-so ride like Dumbo the Flying Elephant (I'm talking to you, door swing), it's still a lot more fun than sitting at home.

The Grapefruit BJ

I've done many things in the name of sexual experimentation, but nothing has come close to the sheer weirdness of what I was about to attempt: the grapefruit blowjob.

The grapefruit blowjob is the brainchild of Auntie Angel, a sexpert who claims her blowjob technique (otherwise known as "grapefruiting") is so mind-blowing it can cause death. Now, even though J pisses me off sometimes, I definitely do not want to kill him. However, I did want to give him the best blowjob of his life.

In her YouTube tutorial, Auntie Angel shows us how to cut a grapefruit to make it fellatio-ready (slice the ends off and make a hole in the middle for the penis). Just when you start to think, *Where is she going with this?* things take a sharp turn into what-the-fuck territory: She starts fellating a large dildo, while making the same noise as a garbage disposal sucking down a box of nails.

Frightening sounds aside, I was intrigued. The idea behind this bizarre trick is that using the grapefruit to stroke his shaft while sucking the top of his dick will make the guy in question feel like he's having sex and receiving a blowjob at the same time. *Fair enough,* I reasoned. What man wouldn't like to experience that?

Of course, food and sex have a long history together. Whipped cream, chocolate body paint, and honey have all been used in many a sexy romp. But that's because they're sweet, fluid, and encourage licking. Grapefruit? Not so much. I worried that the acidic juice would give J a burning sensation that would cause him to ban me from his penis for the foreseeable future. Or what if the juice squirted and got in my eye, causing temporary blindness? Then there was the mess to think about. A sopping grapefruit with juice running everywhere didn't sound terribly appealing. But I had to finish what I started, physical assault be damned. So I decided J would have to stand on the kitchen floor for easy cleanup.

There's only one rule to this grapefruit game: You have to blindfold the man the first time. Auntie reasons that no man is going to be okay seeing a grapefruit around his dick, so you have to trick him. Fortunately, J is always up for anything even remotely kinky, so when I suggested a blindfold he didn't put up a fight.

After handing him my lavender-scented eye mask as a blindfold, I had him stay still while I snuck out the grapefruit I'd been hiding. Placing it next to me, I got on my knees, giving him a regular ol' BJ to get him hard. Once he was at full mast, I carefully attempted to slip the grapefruit over his dong ... until he exclaimed, "What the fuck is that?!"

"A new sex toy?" I offered lamely.

"It's fucking wet!" he yelled, tearing off his eye mask. "Is that fruit?" he asked quizzically, looking down at his citrus-enshrined penis.

"It's a grapefruit!" I said cheerily, so as to not alarm him. "This is going to

be awesome. Just relax."

"Fine," he said. "Let's do this."

I purposefully refrained from mimicking the scary industrial-vacuum noise Auntie made and stuck to my regular skills while moving the grapefruit up and down his shaft. Unfortunately, I felt J losing his boner. I looked up to see him staring down at me.

He started laughing. "I'm sorry, this is just too weird! I can't get in the mood."

"Stop thinking about the damn grapefruit! And keep your eyes closed!" I snapped. I was a little pissed that Auntie Angel suggested the blindfold. I'm pretty sure if I had just told J about it, he would have been fine with it. Instead we had to deal with an unplanned interruption, an ensuing explanation, and him trying to get the silliness of my covert operation out of his head.

To get him back in the mood, I engaged in some dirty talk that seemed to do the trick. Before I knew it, J was moaning and groaning, there was grapefruit juice everywhere, and I felt like a blowjob queen.

"That was amazing!" J exclaimed. "After I stopped thinking how you were blowing me with a grapefruit, anyway. It kinda did feel like a vagina."

Well, there's nothing like the sweet—or tart, in this case—smell of success. And to think, this whole time, one of the best sex toys was just down the street at the supermarket.

Hands-Free Fun

Whether it's road-trip sex, getting fingered at a bar, or simply the vibration of a motorboat engine, the idea of getting off when I'm outside the confines of home is particularly titillating.

When I opened the package from my friends at Good Vibrations and found the Club Vibe remote-controlled vibrator, meant to be worn inside your panties, I was game. The Club Vibe offers two settings: ambient and manual. In ambient mode the vibe reacts to the surrounding noise, giving your hooha a buzz every time there's a speaker nearby, a lunatic preaching into a bullhorn, or just a thunderous FedEx truck rolling by. Manual allows you (or your partner) to control the settings. It sounded to me like a one-way ticket to pleasure palace.

First stop on my pussy-pleasing agenda? The nail salon. What could be more pleasurable than having my feet pampered while receiving a little pussy massage at the same time? Nada. I confidently walked to the nail salon excited to see what surprises lay in store for me.

Wearing the vibrator wasn't the most comfortable thing, but I was on an orgasmic mission, discomfort be damned. Setting the vibrator to ambient, I walked down the street hoping the vibe would pick up random noises and arouse my nether regions. Perhaps an obnoxiously loud motorcycle would whiz by and give me warm fuzzies. I didn't get a Harley, but it didn't take long before a giant delivery truck drove past, giving my vagina a tingle. But, alas, the vibes on the ambient-noise setting were not long-lasting enough to produce any sort of sexy feelings. Once the sound was gone, so was the vibe.

Several blocks later, I was finally at the nail salon. I sat down in the pedicure chair, eager to feel the soothing tingle of my new vibrator. Switching to manual, I pushed the remote-control button and immediately heard the whirring of Club Vibe's little battery-powered body vibrating enthusiastically. Unfortunately, everyone else could hear it, too.

Unlike my sultry stroll down the street, I was not only surrounded by other people, but the vibrator was pressed against a chair, which only amplified the noise it was making. It sounded like an electric toothbrush had fallen down my pants. Mortified, I fumbled discreetly for the remote, shutting it off before the pedicurist could figure out what was going on. So much for my plans to climax at the Museum of Modern Art.

Not satisfied with the brief rumblings of the street and feeling cockblocked by the nail salon, I knew it was time to take it up a notch. Time to introduce the Club Vibe to J.

"So this thing makes your pussy vibrate?" he asked incredulously.

"Like a washing machine!" I replied.

We decided to head to a nearby lounge. It was loud, dimly lit, and very sultry—the perfect backdrop for our experiment. Heading to the bar

to get drinks, J turned on the vibrator, leaving me to get warmed up. Unfortunately, with no other visual or physical stimulation, I became no more excited than I would at the dentist. Thankfully, things soon changed.

After we settled into a booth with our drinks, J pulled out the remote control and turned up the intensity.

"How does this feel?" he asked, leaning in to kiss me.

The little pink-and-black pod in my panties buzzed enthusiastically as J drew me closer. Now we were getting somewhere. Not only was the combination of making out and the vibration down below unbelievably sexy, the fact that he had complete control of my nether regions (in public, no less) got me more riled up than Kanye West talking about himself.

"We have to leave," I whispered. I didn't know how much longer I could stand staying there before we had sex.

"Let's go," he replied with a smirk on his face.

We quickly hopped in a cab and headed back home to finish what we had started.

"Can you turn up the music?" I asked the driver. With the tunes muffling any potential noise, J and I were able to get frisky without being caught.

He may not have "popped all my buttons" or "ripped my blouse," but as I got on my knees, I felt like Beyoncé in her video for "Partition." That's when it dawned on me—the Club Vibe is truly in its element during foreplay and oral sex. Going down on J was always an enjoyable experience; going down on him while he was controlling a vibrator in my underwear was intensely erotic. I may have set out on this journey to experience the joys of public masturbation, but in the end I realized it's less about the vibration itself and more about the mental stimulation.

As much as I like getting off, there are certain places and situations where I simply can't. The nail salon is one of them. Waiting for drinks is another. Getting warmed up for the main act? Now that I can do almost anywhere. Though the vibrator isn't strong enough to produce an orgasm, from a psychological standpoint, it's undeniably titillating in the hands of a partner. We continued our private party back at home to finish what we'd started. The Club Vibe might have gotten us going, but it was up to us to seal the deal.

TRIPLE PLAY

Penthouse Pets Aspen Rae and Georgia Jones know exactly how to tease Uma Jolie into a submissive, squirming babe in desperate need of orgasmic relief. Of course, the ultimate reward is turning their power play into passionate climaxes all around. The trio sates their desires again and again, and even satisfies their curiosity ... for now. We'd bet good money that they'll be ready for round two soon enough.

Photographs by Tammy Sands

SEE MORE OF ASPEN, UMA & GEORGIA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

The Starr Sisters

27 Random Facts About Us That Few People Know

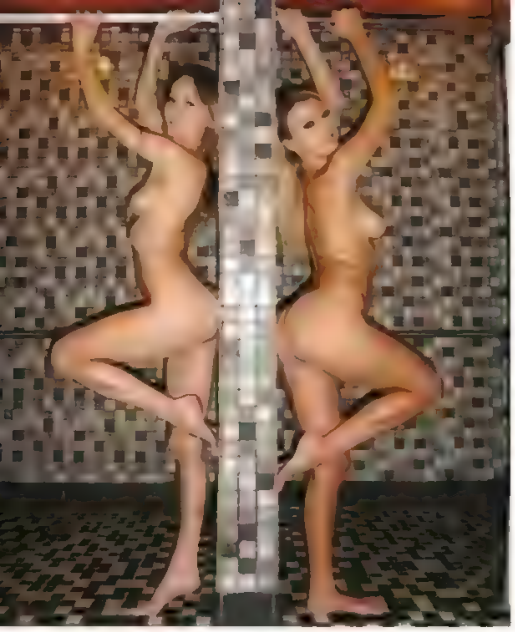
Almost two decades after appearing in *Penthouse* as the June 1993 Pet of the Month, I started writing for the magazine in the hope that one day I could profile my fellow Pets in my very own column. My dream has finally come true!

By Sam Phillips

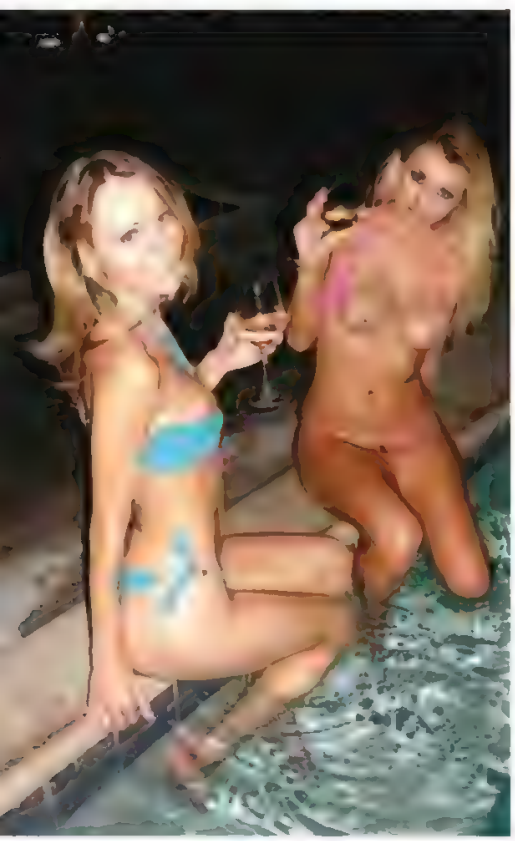
My favorite centerfold sisters in the whole wide world are Polish porn stars Natasha and Natalia Starr, who made history in 2013 when they were the first sisters ever chosen to be Pets of the Month (in the annual two-Pet July/August issue). I've been close friends with the pair for a few years now, and they've been frequent guests on my weekly Vivid Radio Sirius XM show, *The Single Life*. They crack me up every time we hang out, and they're always charged up, ready for action.

The Starr sisters are the wildest, craziest, most unabashed, and free-spirited women I know, and I am in awe of both sexy siblings, but for completely different reasons. Natasha (left) is sleek and sophisticated, and older than Natalia by a few years. Natasha also has an amazingly thick Polish accent that's reminiscent of the sultry cartoon character of the same name. By contrast, Natalia hardly has an accent. Natalia also has a wide-eyed wonder and innocence about her that's captivating.

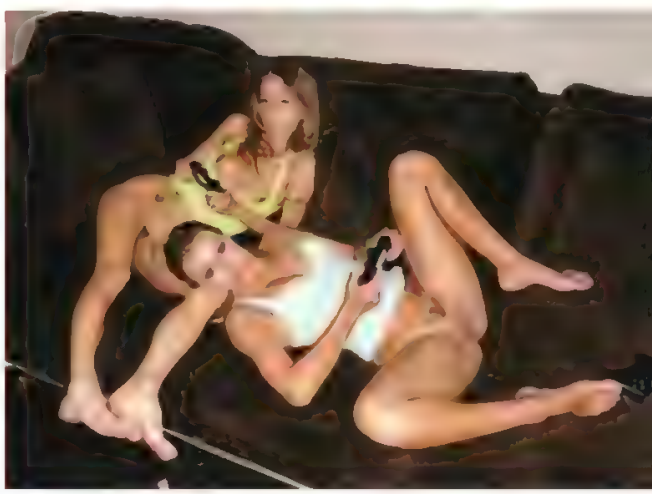
The dynamic duo has enhanced their adult superstardom with their own brand of premium personal moisturizer—made of their own natural vaginal secretions—Pussy Juice Lube. For more information, check out PussyJuiceLube.com.



1. We both appeared in the season-seven opener of the hit FX series *Sons of Anarchy*.
2. We love eighties music, and dancing around the house naked.
3. We're always playing videogames on our PS4 or game apps on our phones. And we fight whenever we play each other.
4. We like to sleep ten hours a night if we can.
5. We love the nighttime, and looking at stars in the sky. It's also our favorite time to have sex.
6. Our favorite meal is sushi, and we eat it several times a week.
7. We love shopping at vintage-clothing stores, and we could get lost in Target.
8. Natalia's favorite TV show is *Bates Motel*; Natasha's is *Witches of East End*.
9. We love riding roller coasters.
10. Pickles are our favorite snack. There's always a jar in our refrigerator.
11. We are really great cooks, especially of Polish food.
12. Natasha is obsessed with Pamela Anderson; Natalia is obsessed with Miley Cyrus.
13. Natalia likes to design clothes, and grew up wanting to be a designer; when she was young, Natasha wanted to be a hairdresser and a makeup artist.



14. Natasha's first job was at a clothing store; Natalia's was at a hookah bar.
15. Natasha collects pens from every place she's been; Natalia collects rock 'n' roll pins.
16. Our favorite places to visit are Australia, London, and Paris.
17. We love Disney movies. Our favorite is Cinderella.
18. We love outdoor sports. On our days off we swim and ride our bikes. We also love to ice skate and Rollerblade.
19. Natasha's favorite author is Nicholas Sparks; Natalia doesn't like to read.
20. Our alcoholic beverages of choice are white wine and champagne.
21. We love animals, especially dogs.
22. Natalia is allergic to everything; Natasha has no allergies at all.
23. We prefer classic cars. Our favorites are Corvette Stingrays and the 1969 Mustang.
24. We're fascinated by vampires, witches, and the occult.
25. Natasha's favorite sex position is missionary; Natalia's is doggie-style.
26. We've gone through a few Hitachi vibrators.
27. There's a third Starr sister. Her name is Claudia, she's the baby of the family, and we all live together.



Natalia Starr

Natasha Starr XOX

A COLLECTION OF DOODLES DRAWN FROM IMPORTANT MEETINGS AT THE TITMOUSE ANIMATION STUDIO.

CHRIS P. MEETING DOODLES

I ONCE ENCOUNTERED A GIRL WHO MANIPULATED HER PRIVATE PARTS IN A WAY SHE FOUND HILARIOUS. USING HER FINGERS, SHE WOULD MOVE HER FLAPS AS SHE MADE SILLY CARTOON VOICES. IT WAS KIND OF A TURNOFF—BUT THAT MAY BE BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T HAVE WHAT YOU NOW DO: THE POWER TO MAKE YOUR OWN...

PUSSY PUPPET!

SO MUCH SEXIER!

A COMPENDIUM OF CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

SLIPPERY WHEN WET

No matter what you do for Valentine's Day, we all know what you're hoping for at the end of the date. A smart guy stocks up on condoms *and* lube.

By Christine Colby

If all goes well on your Valentine's date, and you and your honey make sweet love surrounded by romantic flickering candles, you'll want the right lube to help get things done. Or maybe you'll spend the night at home alone, illuminated by the glow of your computer showing Penthouse.com videos—you'll need that lube even more.

How do you know which kind to buy? The days of picking up a tube of thick goo at the drugstore are over. There is a wealth of choices now, and a lot of them provide services above and beyond simple lubrication. We did the hard work of exploring options, but feel free to experiment yourself.

Here are the basics you need to get your slippery slide on:

Water-based: Easy cleanup, and safe for use with latex (read: condoms), silicone, and all toys. Will need to be reapplied if you're at it for a long time.

Silicone-based: Long-lasting, more slip, and can be used in water. Safe with latex. Can't be used with silicone toys, as it causes a weird reaction to the surface of the toy, rendering it unusable. If you really prefer silicone lube, you can use a condom on the toy to protect it.

Oil-based: Thick, great for male masturbation, and usually natural, but can be irritating to female genitalia. Should not be used with condoms, as oil degrades latex.

- **Überlube.** This silicone-based product was originally created to be a sex lube, but it's a major multitasker—athletes can also use it as an anti-chafe lotion and to protect their hair from chlorine damage. It also works as a smoothing, anti-frizz hair product for anyone. You can even squeeze a few drops into your current hair product to add a bit of shine. You'll find it easy to carry to the gym or while traveling, as the company's Good-to-Go series comes in a small, aluminum-encased travel vial that takes cartridge refills. Uberlube.com.

- **Wicked Sensual Care.** The whole selection of lubes is paraben-free, latex-friendly, nonsticky, and vegan. The line is extensive and offers something for everyone, but we have some favorites. The company claims that the Ultra line, despite being made of silicone, is compatible with most toy materials. The Wicked Jelle is a water-based lube made specifically for anal play. The stevia-sweetened flavored lubes come in subtle, grown-up flavors such as Mocha Java and Salted Caramel. Toy Love is a water-based, drip-free lube made specifically for use with your favorite dildos and vibrators. There are also products specifically designed for male masturbation and for cleaning your sex toys. WickedSensualCare.com.

- **Baconlube.** Is the bacon obsession over yet? This might be its death knell. From the same guys who make the vegan, kosher Bacon Salt and Baconnaise comes a bacon-flavored, water-based massage oil and personal lubricant, which

they claim is the gold standard of meat-flavored oils. Let us know if you've found another one to compare it to. JDFoods.net.

• **Foria.** For women only, but their partners could benefit from the alleged aphrodisiac qualities of this lube made from cannabis and coconut oils. While the oil makes it slick and moisturizing, it's meant to be applied to the absorbent tissues of the vagina 30 to 60 minutes before sexual activity—this is mostly about getting in the mood and feeling good. The oil is also vegan and edible. It is with great regret that we inform you that you must be a California-based, registered, card-carrying medical-marijuana user to purchase this. ForiaPleasure.com.

• **XTC Get Wet.** This hemp-based lube is easier to get your hands on than the Foria. If natural ingredients are important to you, this one's a winner, and is also vegan and cruelty-free. It's water-based, but deeply moisturizing, as the essential fatty acids in hemp-seed extracts and slippery elm are very hydrating for skin. The company points out that hemp fields have a high rate of oxygen production, so each time you get lucky, you're healing the ozone layer. GetWetLubricant.com.

• **Gun Oil.** The founder of Gun Oil is a U.S. Marines platoon leader who noticed soldiers repurposing actual gun oil as a masturbation aid in Kuwait. Using that as a starting point, he worked with scientists to improve upon the concept and come up with different formulas, all with a military theme. The company offers the basic water- and oil-based products as well as a hybrid, which is a combo of cream, water, and silicone ingredients, and is safe for all toys. The line also has more specific types, such as for anal play, and a variety of masturbation creams. GunOil.com.

• **One.** Like a lot of companies, One offers high-quality water-based (Oasis) and silicone-based (Move) formulas. But, unlike some, it's taking strides to make the world a better place. Your dollars help provide free information and condoms through local outreach programs, and a sales-based portion of profits are donated to HIV-prevention programs. You can also volunteer to help with the sex-positive activism and be rewarded with free swag and exclusive opportunities. A believer in community, One also crowdsources designs for condom wrappers, putting user-submitted art on packaging. The winner receives a cash prize, a year's supply of rubbers with their own design on the outside (which will surely impress any partners!), and can donate up to 5,000 condoms to the charity of their choice. OneCondoms.com.

• **Whiskey Dick.** Let this Tennessee bourbon–flavored massage oil and lube change your mind about what the term "whiskey dick" means. After a night of bellying up to the bar, who wants to come home and use cloying, watermelon-flavored lube? Keep a highball by the bed and keep the theme going with this water-based, whiskey-flavored (and -colored) formula. Amazon.com.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF (ÜBERLUBE) ÜBERLUBE; (XTC GET WET) GET WET; (GUN OIL) EMPOWERED PRODUCTS

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH

Boom-Chicka-Wah-Wah

Does sexy music really help ladies get in the mood, or is that just a myth?

I was skeptical at first, but science backs up this classic seduction move. Music can have a powerful influence on feelings and behavior. One of the main reasons people listen to music is to invoke a feeling or to reinforce a mood they're already in.

Music can influence you even if you're not actively listening. Background music can affect how people act, for example, by making them more likely to spend money in a store or stay longer in a restaurant. One study showed that background music could subtly influence women to be more open to being asked out on a date. Women in the study were more likely to give their phone number to a guy if songs with romantic lyrics had been playing in the background.

What science shows about female sexual arousal and desire supports the idea of music as an aphrodisiac. In several studies, researchers found that women could get aroused more easily if they were put in a positive mood. What did the researchers use to induce a positive mood in the women they studied? Why, music, of course.

Apart from sexual arousal, there's sexual desire. Arousal is the feeling of being turned-on, and the body's responses, such as getting wet or hard. Desire is more like a general interest or intention to have sex. Music could affect that, too. Scientists think that for many women, sexual desire isn't a constant drive, but more like momentum. Women may need to hear or see erotic and romantic "cues" to set desire in motion and keep it rolling.

Based on the science, an ideal song to set the mood would be a feel-good groove with lyrics that provide erotic and romantic cues. So it's not surprising that the top three tracks for getting in the mood, according to a survey conducted for the streaming-music service Spotify, were "Let's Get It On" and "Sexual Healing" by Marvin Gaye, and anything sung by Barry White.

An ideal mood-setting playlist would be tailored to a woman's musical tastes. At the very least, try to avoid souring her mood with music she hates. To that end, I'd suggest avoiding jazz as a general rule. I can't recall ever hearing anyone express dislike for Marvin Gaye or Barry White, so when in doubt, queue them up.

Good Job!

Is it bad to reward my husband with sexual favors for going above and beyond at home, like when he does extra housework or fixes a broken appliance?

Not at all, in my opinion. Sex has many meanings and uses in marriage, and there's no reason why it shouldn't be given as a "gold star" for a job well done, in addition to all the other reasons couples have for doing it. I'd say there's no nicer way to say thank you than a fuck or a blowjob.

What's more, many married women say that it turns them on when their husbands do work around the house, especially when it's manly work like lifting and fixing stuff. So if you suddenly want to suck your husband's dick when you see him under the kitchen sink repairing the garbage disposal, it may be more than just a feeling of charity. There's also the fact that when your partner takes care of things on your to-do list, it frees up time for sex.

As a man, I have no qualms about being trained with sex as positive reinforcement. If there's a direct connection between something I do and getting laid or blown, I'm certainly likely to do that thing more often, and with greater gusto. Unpleasant chores are less of a drag if I've been told that doing them makes me sexy. I'm simple that way, and I suspect many other guys are, too.

The one big pitfall you must avoid is attaching any conditions to sexual favors. If you withhold sex unless he wows you with manly household mastery, or if he fails to perform routine chores, it takes all the fun out of it. By the same token, he must be careful not to make you feel obligated to return every favor with sex, and he mustn't act like a squeegee man, doing unwanted or unnecessary tasks, then demanding to be rewarded for it. Sexual favors should be seen as gifts, and follow the same principles as gift giving. A gift is always appreciated more when it's a surprise; a gift is spoiled by attaching strings or making the recipient jump through hoops to claim it. Also, anything given in exchange for work is not a gift—it's a wage.

Hack Your Sex Life

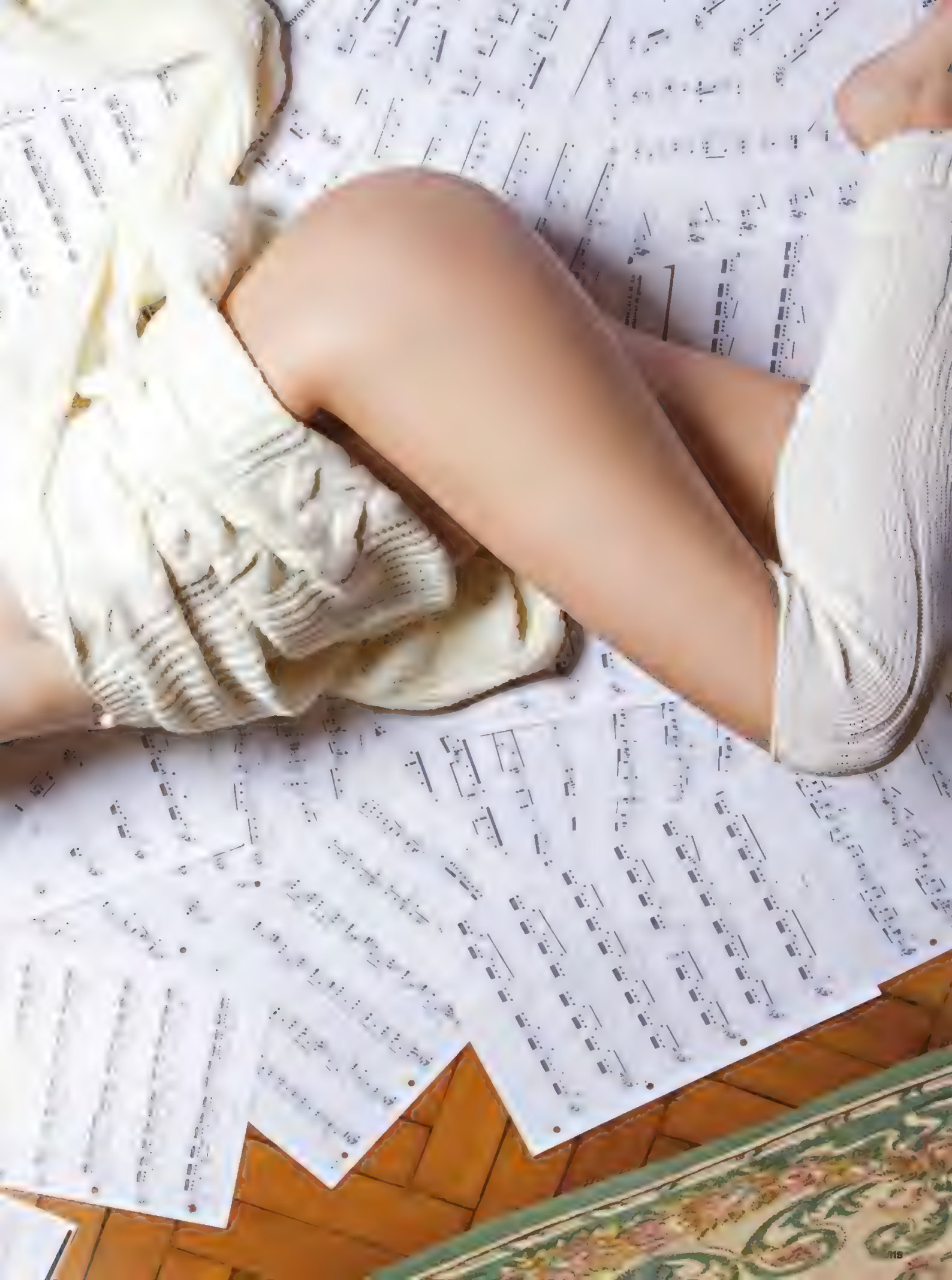
Sex hacks are simple tips and tricks to make your sex life better and solve everyday sexual problems. Have a favorite sex hack you'd like to share? Email it to SexHacks@fnn.com and your submission may appear in Carnal Knowledge.

Sex Hack 5

Don't try to guess a woman's size when buying her sexy apparel as a gift. Note her bra size, dress size, and, if possible, her bust, waist, and hip measurements. Keep these measurements handy by copying them to the notes field of her contact card on your smartphone.

SHEET ROCK

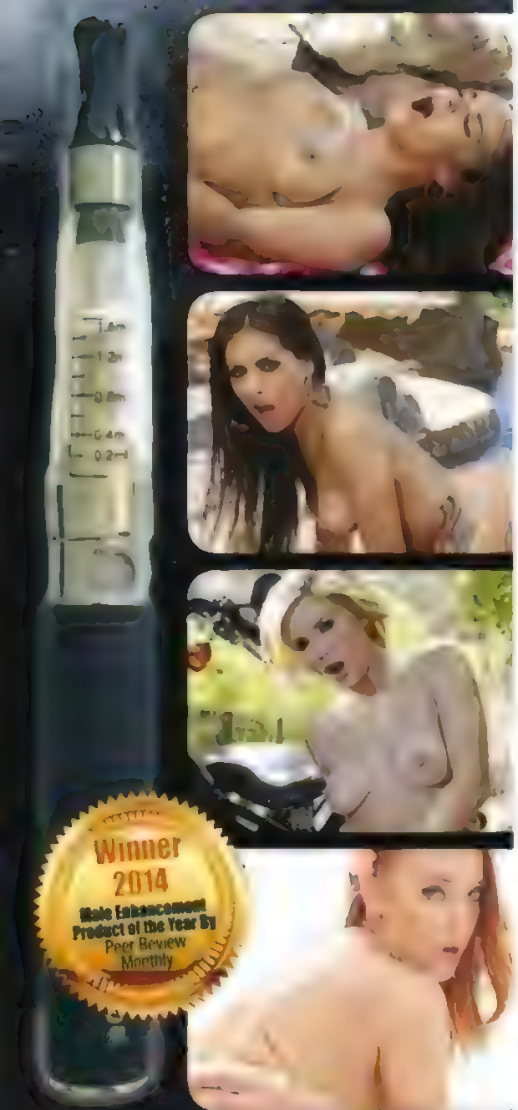
Twenty-two-year-old Noemi, a 34-23-35 full-time model from Budapest, Hungary, shows off her all-natural beauty in the perfect setting for her: "My favorite way to relax is to listen to rock music, read a good book, drink a glass of wine, and smoke a cigarette."

Photographs by Davide Esposito

"I'm the laziest person in the world, so I don't do any workout. I know I should say I do yoga or something else that's fashionable, but..."

"I don't have a favorite sport. I love to watch MotoGP, but that's all I do: watch. I can't even drive a motorcycle."

SEE MORE OF NOEMI AT **PENTHOUSE.COM.**

How Does Vigor FX Work?



That's How!

All You Have To Do Is *Inhale*!
Call Now For YOUR
Vigor FX Rapid Growth Inhaler
1-800-966-9724

Vigor FX Copyright ©2014, All Rights Reserved. These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration and are for informational purposes only. They should not be considered medical advice. Always consult a doctor for medical advice. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

Getting the Job

When I applied for a job at a new startup and went in for an interview, I was shocked to find myself meeting with the head of the company. I wasn't really qualified for the position, but at least I was dressed to impress, in a just-above-the-knee pencil skirt, a crisp white button-down, a red blazer, and sleek black heels.

I'd researched the company as best I could, and read up on the founder, Matt. None of that prepared me for how insanely hot he was. He was six feet tall, with dark hair that I wanted to run my fingers through, and a pair of sparkling green eyes. I practically creamed my panties on sight.

He sucked one nipple while he fondled the other. My panties were drenched.

Matt had my résumé with him, and a list of questions prepared. He took some notes as we talked, but it was obvious that I wasn't going to get hired. We had great chemistry, though, and Matt clearly felt it, too. His voice got lower and deeper as we talked, and soon he was outright flirting. I probably should have been upset when he said I didn't have enough experience for such a senior position, but it was clear that we were both interested in taking things in a different direction.

I made the first move, reaching across his desk and grabbing his hand. When he didn't shake me off, I stood up and leaned toward him. I wanted to kiss him, but I wasn't going to just jump him. But then he stood up and leaned toward me, too. I pressed my lips against his, kissing him soundly.

He responded to my kiss, so I pushed my tongue into his mouth. We kissed passionately for several minutes, and then I backed up and gave him a moment to decide if he wanted to stop. When he made no move to kick me out, I made *my* move: I started unbuttoning my blouse. Matt still didn't stop me, so I kept going.

He quickly came around his desk and pulled me to him for another kiss before bending down to suck my nipples. Nipple-play is the thing that turns me on most, and it was as if he somehow knew that. He sucked and licked one nipple while he fondled the other, then switched, and by the time he'd finished, my panties were absolutely drenched.

I couldn't take the foreplay any longer, so I reached down and worked on getting Matt's fly open, and I felt his hard cock. He was nice and thick, and I knew we were both going to benefit from a good fuck.

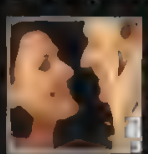
I released his dick and removed my skirt and panties, leaving Matt to take off his pants. In a matter of seconds, I finally had an unobstructed view of his cock, and it was as impressive as it had felt. I couldn't wait to feel it inside me.

Matt's desk was fairly empty, so I pushed the papers aside, my résumé fluttering to the floor in the process, and hopped up before reaching out to pull him toward me. As his lips captured mine, he slid me to the very edge of the desk. Then, after only a brief pause, he guided his cock to my entrance and slammed into me. I was soaking wet, so he was able to slide all the way in on his first thrust, and, Oh, my God, did that feel good!

His hips thrust back and forth, in and out, and occasionally they swirled in a circle or a figure eight, allowing him to hit all my hot spots. I put my arms behind me and flattened my palms on the desk so I could get a little leverage and thrust up against him. When I moved, it arched my back and pushed my breasts up, allowing him to suck and lick my nipples again with minimal effort. He latched on to my right breast while he pumped into me, and the combination of sensations drove me wild. It became almost impossible to keep silent in the midst of all that excitement, but

Guys...With VigorFX All You Have To Do Is Inhale 3 Times Deep... And Watch Your Cock Grow Longer, Thicker & Harder Right Before Your Eyes!

Want to know what **EVERY MAJOR** Male Porn [illegible] to **GET BIG** and **STAY HARD** – Instantly? No... [illegible] fluffer named Candy (although that would be nice) [illegible] Viagra and Cialis – those slow to work pills with [illegible] side effects have all been thrown away. No – the way to **Stiffen the Dick like Steel - is with a NEW INHALER Called Vigor FX**. Invented right here in the Good Old **USA** - this "Growth Inhaler" will give you the **BIGGEST BONER OF YOUR LIFE – ON DEMAND!** Just load up the rechargeable (with a USB Port) inhaler with Cherry, Mint or Chocolate **ALL NATURAL** "Growth Oil" – take three **SMOKE FREE** Hits - and **BANG** – you are **PORN STAR BIG** and **PORN STAR HARD**. Every guy in the industry is using this thing – because it **WORKS**. If you want to try one – just look to your TV – as the company is officially launching in America right now.



[redacted]
"**Vigor-FX** is truly amazing. I can have the **BIGGEST, HARDEST BONERS – ANYTIME** I want them! Two or three inhales and I'm **INSTANTLY** ready to go! Now I am ready for sex **EVERYTIME** I want! I wish every guy knew about **Vigor-FX.**"

[redacted]
"I don't have **ANY** erection problems – but I am lacking in the size department. It was a **MAJOR** problem for me – **UNTIL** I discovered **Vigor-FX**. Now right before I have sex – I take a couple of puffs from the **SMOKE FREE** inhaler – and my **COCK GETS HUGE! Vigor-FX** is a miracle product."

[redacted]
As a competitive body builder – I have to be **VERY** careful of anything that goes into my body. The **POWERFUL GROWTH FORMULA** in **Vigor-FX** is **ALL NATURAL**... so I can increase the size of my penis and the hardness of my erections – without ever having to worry about testing positive for a controlled substance (a real risk with many prescription medications)."

[redacted]
"I've always had a smallish penis – and have always had soft erections. It was difficult for me – but even more difficult for my wife. Thank God for **Vigor-FX**. After **JUST ONE USE** – I'm able to get the **LARGEST, HARDEST ERECTIONS** I've **EVER** had in my **LIFE!** I'm satisfying my wife for the first time in 20 years of marriage!"

Vigor FX Copyright ©2014, All Rights Reserved. These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration and are for informational purposes only. They should not be considered medical advice. Always consult a doctor for medical advice. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

Vigor FX

The Fastest Delivery System On The Planet

Simply Charge Your Unit With The State Of The Art USB Charger - EASY

Fill With ALL NATURAL mint, cherry, or chocolate flavored GROWTH OIL (PROVEN 2x MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY potency supplement available today)

Inhale the NO SMOKE VAPOR - Flood your bloodstream INSTANTLY with PENIS ENLARGING, PENIS HARDENING, LIBIDO BOOSTING compounds

Grow HARD, LONG and THICK - IN SECONDS. A BONER ON DEMAND!

Trust the safety of US MADE and REGULATED Vigor FX

Get HARDER, LONGER, WIDER & STIFFER in SECONDS...

All You Have To Do Is *Breathe*!
Call Now For YOUR
Vigor FX Rapid Growth Inhaler
1-800-966-9724

will she?
our excellence rests in the details
THE WORLD'S FINEST SITE FOR ADULT ENTERTAINER REVIEWS
United Kingdom
Italy
France
Netherlands
Germany
Belgium
United States
Canada
Japan
Spain
THEEROTICREVIEW.com

I knew that the orgasm I could feel building up inside me would reward me for the effort.

It didn't take much more to bring me to the edge, and when I felt Matt's cock throbbing inside me, I knew he wouldn't be far behind. I scooted closer and wrapped my legs around his hips, pulling him in deeper. I used our new position to thrust myself as hard as I could on Matt's rock-hard erection, and then it was only a matter of moments before I reached my climax. I gasped as I came, and bit my lip to keep from crying out. The sensations I felt were overwhelming, and I could barely contain myself. Then Matt came with a low grunt, and his body tensed against mine as he emptied his load.

After I'd put my clothes back on and checked my reflection in Matt's computer screen to make sure I looked presentable, I told him to call me sometime. A week later, Matt called to ask me out. I'd say it was the most successful job interview of my life!—*J.L., California*

Double the Fun

My wife, Danielle, and I have an open relationship. If I meet someone I'm attracted to, I'm allowed to pursue her, and the same applies for Danielle. Sometimes, this means we'll go out to a bar together and end up going home with different people, but every once in a while, someone will catch both our eyes. That's what happened Friday night, when we were out celebrating a friend's 40th birthday.

Danielle spotted the woman first—a tall, leggy blonde, and when my wife pointed her out, I felt my dick throb in excitement. Next to Danielle, she was the hottest woman in the bar. She wasn't part of our group, but a couple of guys we were with had been hitting on her, so Danielle went over to "rescue" her from more bad pickup lines. The two women got to talking, and by the time I joined them, they were sitting really close together on their bar stools, leaning in to whisper in each other's ear and constantly touching each other on the arm or leg. When they realized I was approaching them, they shared a sly look and broke into fits of laughter. I didn't know what they were talking about, but based on Danielle's smile, I could guess.

After I ordered a round of drinks for the three of us and introduced myself to Suzanne, Danielle told me that she'd invited Suzanne to come home with us. "I told her you wouldn't mind sharing," she said coyly.

"Whatever my lady wants, my lady gets," I said, winking at Suzanne as I added, "or, *ladies,* tonight."

The party was winding down, so we said our good-byes. It was a short ride to our house, and we made polite small talk. Once we were in the house, though, all bets were off. The girls went straight for the bedroom, where they tore off each other's clothes.

Danielle may have been more than a little eager to get down to business, but so was Suzanne. She clawed at

I watched the two of them undress and start touching each other before I joined in, pushing between them.

my wife's shirt as she tried to get it off, and then expertly unclasped her bra in a swift, one-handed move that proved she'd been with her share of female lovers. I was definitely impressed.

I watched the two of them undress fully and start touching each other all over before I finally joined in, pushing between them and kissing Danielle and then Suzanne, wrapping an arm around each woman and pulling them in close. As I squeezed their asses and kissed their necks, first one and then the other, they kissed and stroked each other, pressing their tits and pussies against me in the process. I was still dressed, but I could feel their

PENTHOUSESTORE.com

UNLOCK THE LIFESTYLE™

SHOP FOR YOUR FAVORITES FROM OUR PENTHOUSE PRODUCT SELECTION

From apparel and lingerie to shoes, toys and DVDs we have you covered.

To see the over 35,000 products we have available visit www.PenthouseStore.com

To expedite your order have your credit card ready and call 1-877-217-3436

Penthouse DVDs

- ☐ Real Porn Stars of Chatsworth 3D $39.99
- ☐ Naughty & Nice $19.99
- ☐ AFF's Guide to Getting Girls $21.99
- ☐ Heavy Petting 2 $19.99

Elegant Angel

- ☐ Performers of the Year 2014 $29.99
- ☐ Lexi $23.99

New Sensations

- ☐ Shared Wives $29.99
- ☐ The Sexual Desires of Lexi Belle $25.99

Devil's Films

- ☐ Molly's Wrecking Ballz $23.99
- ☐ 16 Hours of MILFS $19.99

Penthouse Toys

- ☐ Jenna Rose Vibrating Pussy & Ass $83.99
- ☐ Brett Rossi Vibrating Pussy & Ass $83.99
- ☐ Emily Addison Vibrating Pussy & Ass $83.99
- ☐ Sabrina Maree Vibrating Pussy & Ass $83.99
- ☐ Dani Daniels Vibrating Pussy & Ass $83.99
- ☐ Phoenix Marie Vibrating Pussy & Ass $83.99
- ☐ Dani Daniels POP A Pussy Cyberskin Stroker $16.99
- ☐ Phoenix Marie POP A Pussy Cyberskin Stroker $16.99
- ☐ Penthouse Couples Make Love Lubricant $12.99
- ☐ Penthouse Brand Spankin' Toy Cleaner $12.99

Penthouse Books

- ☐ Penthouse Uncensored $15.99
- ☐ Penthouse Uncensored #2 $16.99
- ☐ Penthouse Uncensored #3 $16.99
- ☐ Penthouse Uncensored #4 $16.99
- ☐ Penthouse Uncensored #5 $16.99
- ☐ Penthouse Uncensored #6 $15.99
- ☐ Letters to Penthouse 49 $14.99
- ☐ Letters to Penthouse 48 $7.99
- ☐ Letters to Penthouse 47 $7.99
- ☐ Letters to Penthouse 46 $7.99
- ☐ Letters to Penthouse 45 $7.99
- ☐ Letters to Penthouse 44 $7.99

Fetish & Bondage

- ☐ Fifty Shades - Please Sir Flogger $29.99
- ☐ Fifty Shades - No Peeking Blindfold Twin Pack $14.99
- ☐ Fifty Shades - Hard Limits Restraint Kit $59.99
- ☐ Fifty Shades - Insatiable Desire Mini G-spot Vibrator $29.99
- ☐ Fifty Shades - Delicious Pleasure Silicone Balls $29.99
- ☐ Fifty Shades - Drive Me Crazy Glass Massage Wand $34.99
- ☐ Fifty Shades - Inner Goddess Silver Metal Balls $34.99
- ☐ Fifty Shades - The Pinch Nipple Clamps $19.99

Wanting More? Shop www.PenthouseStore.com

PENTHOUSE, PENTHOUSE Pet, the One Key Logo Design and the Little Devil Girl are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. and are used under license.

YES! Please rush me the following items that I've selected

Spend $75 or more and Receive your Free Gift !

When Shopping online at PenthouseStore.com remember to use Promo Code : Letters

BILLING

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State____ Zip_____

Phone__(____)_____

EMAIL

_____

Shipping ☐ Check Here to same as billing

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State____ Zip_____

Phone__(____)_____

METHOD OF PAYMENT

◯ Credit Card ◯ Money Order Make money order payable to Springle, LLC

Charge My : ◯ American Express Card ◯ VISA ◯ MasterCard ◯ Discover

Acct#_____ Exp. Date _____

Signature_____

CVV2 Code_____ Total Cost of order $_____

Sales Tax (IL add 7.5%) $_____

Shipping & Handling* $_____

Total enclosed $_____

Mail To:
PenthouseStore.com
4 E. Ogden Ave #194
Westmont, IL 60559

Domestic : $7.95 1st item +$1.95 each additional item International : $15.95 1st item +$2.95 each additional item

eBooks available for Kindle at Amazon.com

Be sure to check out:

***Penthouse* Presents**
- ***Working Stiff, Vol. 2***
- ***Three-for-All***
- ***Girl Meets Girl***

***Penthouse Letters* Presents**
- ***Cream-Pie Surprise!***
- ***Horny Housewives***
- ***Swinging & Swapping***

***Penthouse Forum* Presents**
- ***Bad Girls***
- ***Gang-Bang Wives***
- ***Deep-Throat Diaries***

***Penthouse Variations* Presents**
- ***Naughty Wives***
- ***Dirty Deeds***
- ***At Her Service***

From sizzling erotica to torrid tell-alls from our readers, *Penthouse*'s eye-opening eBooks are sure to inspire, amuse, and arouse.

bodies through my clothes, and I wanted to feel more of them.

While they got lost in each other again, I got busy undressing, stripping out of my clothes as fast as I could. I was down to my boxers when the women dropped to their knees in front of me. Each woman gripped the waistband of my boxers and slowly pulled them down, letting my cock spring free right in front of their faces. They looked up at me as they both leaned in to lick my shaft, Suzanne on one side and my wife on the other. When they reached the tip of my dick, they took turns sucking on the head, but every so often they'd pull off my cock and kiss each other. Then one of them started playing with my balls, fondling my sac while the other stroked my shaft, as they both continued to lick and suck me.

They were really slobbering all over my dick, and with two mouths and four hands working on me, I was afraid I'd blow my load in no time. Who could blame me? When I felt myself on the verge of exploding, I pulled back and told the girls to get on the bed. While Danielle lay back and spread her legs, Suzanne got on her knees and crawled between my wife's legs. When she leaned in to lick Danielle's pussy, I rolled on a condom, lined my dick up with the entrance to Suzanne's cunt, and thrust inside.

I held tight to Suzanne's hips as I fucked her, pumping in and out steadily. Meanwhile, she continued to suck my wife's pussy, and I tried my best to watch over her shoulder while I fucked her. I couldn't see what Suzanne was doing, but I could see my wife's face, and she looked like she was in seventh fucking heaven. Danielle was moaning and twisting and clutching her hands in the sheets as Suzanne ate her out, and seeing her in so much pleasure made me fuck our new friend even harder. Anyone who could put that ecstatic look on my wife's face deserved to be fucked good and hard.

Suzanne moaned loudly as I pounded into her, but I couldn't miss hearing Danielle crying out. My wife had reached her climax, and she was wailing like a banshee. That spurred me on even more, and I slammed into Suzanne as hard as I could, telling her that I wanted to make her come.

"Touch my pussy," she begged me. "It'll make me come faster."

I reached between her legs to rub her mound as I fucked her, pulling gently on her clit and rubbing it with my fingertips, and after a few moments, Suzanne yelped and came.

Finally, it was my turn, and after a few more hard thrusts, I shot off, filling the condom with my hot, heavy load.

I got up to toss the condom and decided to take a shower, and by the time I came back, the girls were at it again. This time, I only watched as they fucked, but it was enough to make me pop off another load. I don't know if I'm the luckiest guy on earth, but I sure feel that way!—*A.S., Nevada*

Mile-High Lust

As soon as the seat-belt light clicked off on the plane, Lizzie made a beeline for the bathroom. I followed a minute later. She'd been talking about joining the Mile-High Club since we booked our flight.

She'd left the bathroom door open a crack, and I darted in without anyone noticing. She'd prepared for the occasion by wearing a loose skirt, and she already had her panties off. Once the door was shut behind us, I unzipped my pants and pulled out my dick. I had a sample pack of lube in my pocket, and I ripped it open and spread it over my stiff cock, then guided my dick slowly into Lizzie's cunt. She was eager and open, and with the help of the lube, I slid right in. Then I started to thrust.

As I picked up the pace, Lizzie leaned over further, sticking her ass out and adjusting our angle so I could go even deeper. That left plenty of room for my hand, and I was able to

PENTHOUSE MAILBAG

Advertise your product in this special advertising page to reach over 1.3 million readers monthly. For information call **Rich McEntee** at **212-702-6149** or email **rmcentee@ffn.com.**

AmeriMedRx

Get the REAL DEAL

- FDA Approved Medications
- Overnight Shipping Available
- Online/Phone Consultation

Also available Levitra® and Propecia®

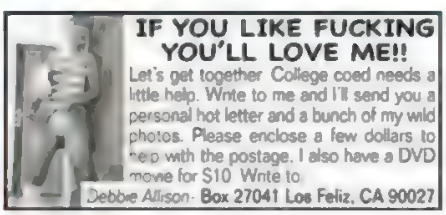
ORDER TODAY!

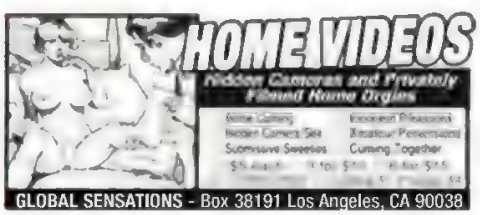
Checks and money orders accepted

Toll Free 1-877-745-5779

www.amerimedrx.com

Checks and money orders accepted





Call toll-free: 1-800-307-5273

Are You Still Paying Too Much For Your Medications?

You can save up to 93% when you fill your prescriptions at our Canadian and International pharmacy service.

Our Price

Tamsulosin $72.00

Generic price for 4 mg x 100

compared to

Flomax® $638.35

Typical US brand price for .4 mg x 100

Get An Extra $10 Off & Free Shipping On Your 1st Order!

Call the number below and **save an additional $10 plus get free shipping** on your first prescription order with Canada Drug Center. **Expires June 30, 2015.** Offer is valid for prescription orders only and can not be used in conjunction with any other offers. Valid for new customers only. One time use per household.

Order Now! 1-800-307-5273

Use code 10FREE to receive this special offer.

Please note that we do not carry controlled substances and a valid prescription is required for all prescription medication orders.

Call Toll-free: 1-800-307-5273

Use of these services is subject to the Terms of Use and accompanying policies at www.canadadrugcenter.com

Get your favorite Penthouse titles digitally!

Subscribe at www.penthousemagazine.com/psp

reach in and frig her clit. I figured we should take care of things as quickly as possible, so we needed to break out all the stops. I was pounding Lizzie as hard as I could, and she had her thighs squeezed tight, creating as much friction on my dick as possible. We were both so turned-on by the idea of flying while fucking that it didn't take much time to get off.

I came first. I felt the tingling in my balls, and then, before I could even tell Lizzie I was coming, I spurted. It took her a few more seconds, but then I heard her breathy gasps and knew she was coming, too.

We wiped up after we finished, then carefully slipped out of the restroom and back to our seats, Lizzie first and me following. I don't know if anyone sitting near us figured out what we'd been up to, and I really don't care. What I do care about is our return flight in a couple of days. We upgraded to first-class tickets, and Lizzie is dying to see if the bathroom up there offers any extra amenities.—*M.W., Georgia*

Sexy Secret

Katie and I have been having slumber parties since we were 19, and they're

We were both so turned-on by the idea of flying while fucking that it didn't take much time to get off.

every bit as tawdry as our boyfriends think ... not that we'd ever tell them. Though, if they read this letter, I guess they'll find out.

It started when we met during our sophomore year of college. We had a women's studies class together—go figure—yet neither one of us had many female friends. We developed an easy friendship, and when we ended up sharing a hotel room on a class trip, we grew even closer. I mean, really close. We kissed for the first time that night, and by the end of the trip, we were sharing a bed.

We fooled around a lot that first weekend, but it wasn't until we got back to school and the privacy of my apartment that we had sex. Though we both identified as bisexual, I'd never fucked another girl before, and Katie had only been with one other woman. It felt like we were losing our virginity all over again—and it was so much fun! There was something about having sex with my best friend that was incredibly appealing.

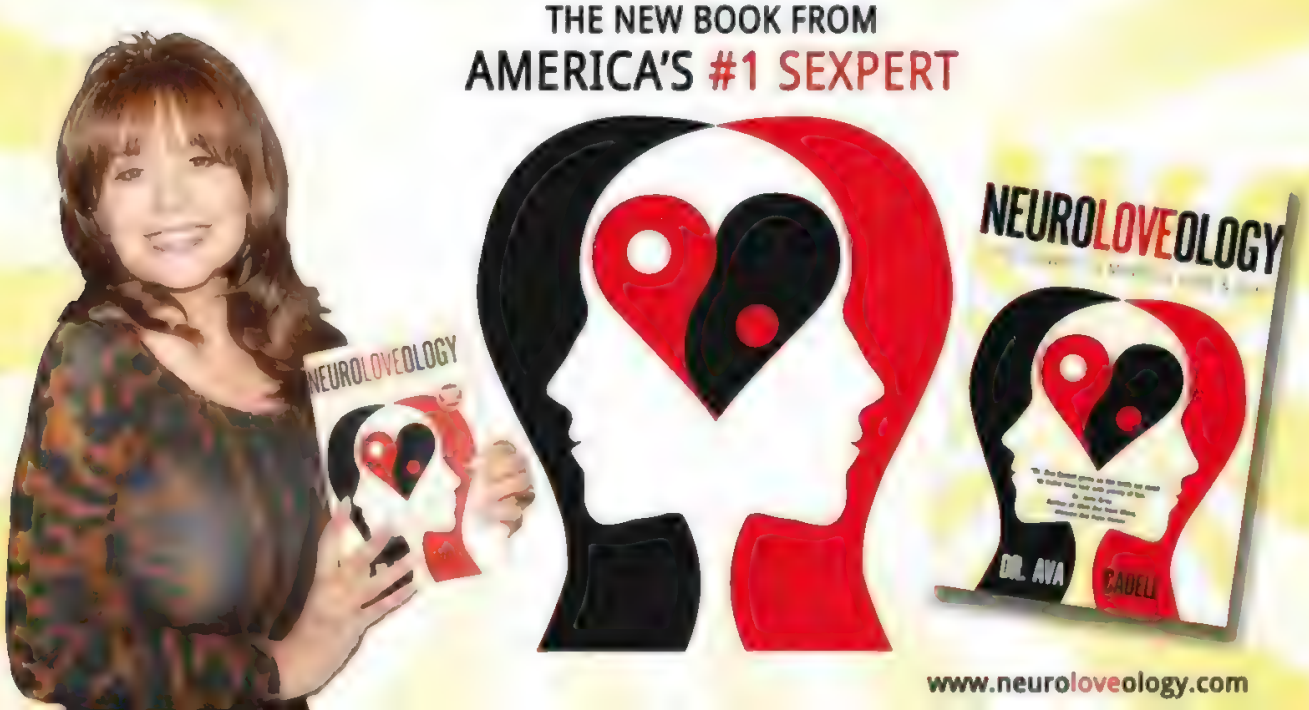
In the past five years, we've gone through plenty of boyfriends and girlfriends between us, but our relationship has stayed the same—we're still best friends who have amazingly hot sex. Take last weekend, for example. Our current boyfriends, who happen to be good friends themselves, wanted to take a long weekend to go snowboarding, but I had to work. Katie decided to stay

NEUROLOVEOLOGY

MAKES YOUR BRAIN SMARTER & YOUR SEX LIFE BETTER

THE NEW BOOK FROM

AMERICA'S #1 SEXPERT



www.neuroloveology.com

PENTHOUSE TV®

Harder. Faster. Hotter.

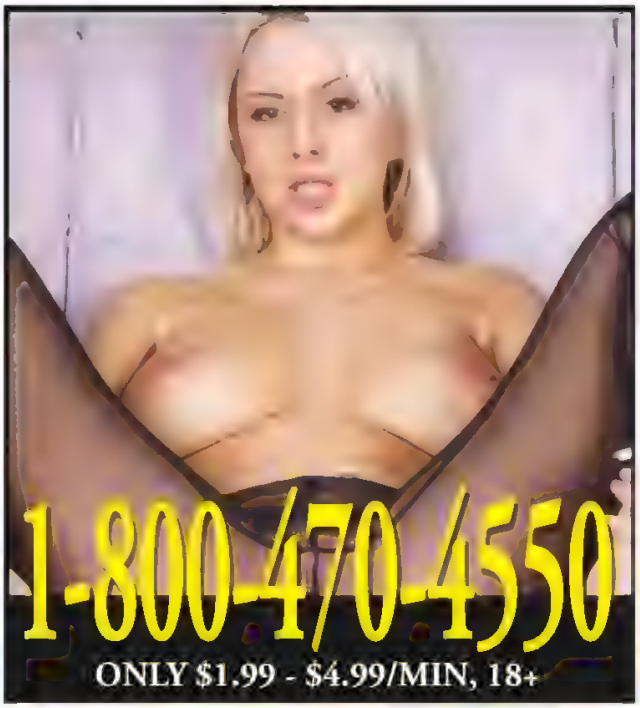
LINEAR / VOD / HD

CALL YOUR LOCAL CABLE OR SATELLITE PROVIDER AND ASK FOR PENTHOUSE TV.

FOLLOW US AT PENTHOUSETV.COM

PENTHOUSE TV and the One Key Logo Design are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc.

CALL MISTRESS MONA NOW!
1-800-868-MONA
ONLY $1.99 - $4.99/MIN, 18+
1-800-732-4HER
4037


1-800-470-4550
ONLY $1.99 - $4.99/MIN, 18+

ONLY
$1.99 -
$4.99/MIN,
18+
1-800-444-LACE
5223

1-800-444-LICK
5425

1-800
SHE-MALE
7 4 3 6 2 5 3
I KNOW
UR CURIOUS!
HOT CHICKS
with DICKS
wanna TALK 2 U,
SEXY! ;)
CALL NOW!
1-800-SHE-MALE
7 4 3 6 2 5 3
HD
VOICE
PRICES RANGE FROM $1.99-$5.99 PER MINUTE, WITH A $4.99-$9.99 CONNECTION FEE.
ALL CREDIT / DEBIT CARDS ACCEPTED OR CHECK BY PHONE. ALL MODELS 18+.

HEY
MISTER...
...FEEL FOR
YOURSELF
HOW WET
I GET!
1-800-WET-TEEN
9 3 8 8 3 3 6
HD
VOICE

behind with me. I slogged through work for a couple of days, but when the weekend finally arrived, Katie suggested we have an old-fashioned slumber party.

When Katie came over, she had on goofy-looking footy pajamas, and she was carrying her sleeping bag and a tote full of snacks and DVDs. If anyone had seen her, they'd have thought it was just girls being girls. But I knew that buried under the rom-coms and marshmallows there'd be a handful of X-rated movies.

We watched one of the comedies first, but by the time the end credits rolled, we were ready for something more adult. I plucked one of the porn DVDs out of Katie's bag and popped it in while she unfurled her sleeping bag on the floor, giving us room to play.

When the movie started, we sat next to each other on the sleeping bag and watched the opening scene. I found myself gently rubbing Katie's neck while she caressed my thigh. We were still fully clothed, though, and that had to change.

We turned toward each other to share a kiss, and began working our way under each other's pajamas. I unzipped the front of Katie's outfit and pushed my hands under the sides to stroke her skin, and she unbuttoned my top and pushed it off my shoulders so she could fondle my breasts. As we undressed each other, our kisses trailed down necks and shoulders, across collarbones and down stomachs, and we suckled breasts and dipped our tongues into belly buttons.

Finally, just as the couple in the movie was really getting down to business, we arranged ourselves in a sixty-nine. I was on top, and as I leaned forward to lick Katie's moist cunt, I pushed my own slit down on her mouth. Her tongue thrust into me instantly, and while her mouth worked on my pussy, her hands kneaded my ass cheeks. Eventually, one finger found its way to my tight rear channel and wiggled its way inside. Now, that felt good!

While Katie fucked me with her tongue and fingered my ass, I was finger-fucking her pussy and tracing patterns on her erect clit with my tongue. Katie was gasping and moaning against my cunt as she worked on me, just as I was.

I felt myself falling apart and I rode the waves of passion, coming hard and letting my juices pour over

my friend's tongue. She didn't stop once I came, though. She kept going, working a second finger into my ass and sucking hard on my clit so she could bring me to another mind-blowing climax. I didn't stop, either. I thrust four fingers into her pussy and fucked her as hard as I could while working my tongue over her clit.

After Katie's first orgasm, we went at it for as long as we could, bringing each other to the brink of climax and then pulling back, and then doing it

While Katie fingered my ass, I was finger-fucking her pussy and tracing patterns on her erect clit with my tongue.

all over again. Finally, we were both desperate to come, and we came together. It was wild!

We stopped the movie and took a break to have some snacks—though we obviously preferred to snack on each other. Then, after watching another cheesy romance, we went back to our X-rated DVD for round two. Before the night was over, we had finished the movie and fucked each other to four more orgasms.

The guys got home the next afternoon, and after showing us videos of their best runs, they asked how our weekend was. "Oh, fine," we told them. After all, there was no need to make them jealous with tales of our amazing weekend.—*M.S., Massachusetts*

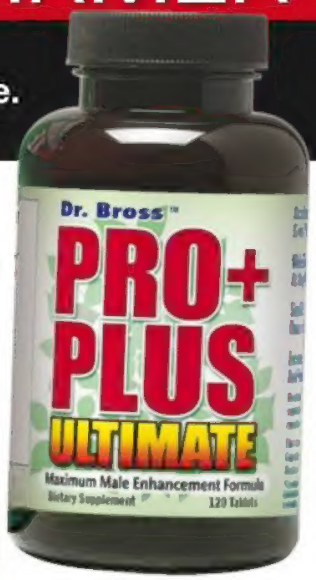
Certification: The records, if any, relating to any content in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. § 75.1-75.8 are maintained by the Custodian of Records, Confirm ID, Inc., at 220 Humboldt Court, Sunnyvale CA 94089.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. February 2015 Volume 46, Number 6 Copyright © 2015 by General Media Communications, Inc., a subsidiary of FriendFinder Networks Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of Penthouse magazine may be reproduced by any means or media without the publisher's prior written permission. Published monthly except combined in July/August in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by General Media Communications, Inc., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.
Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and elsewhere in the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken NJ 08109. Periodical postage paid in New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Penthouse magazine, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235, Tel: 800-289-7368. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic, or other matter. Submission of letters to Penthouse magazine or its editors irrevocably grants to Penthouse all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world in perpetuity without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights. All information and materials submitted to Penthouse or General Media Communications, Inc. will not be treated as confidential or proprietary. Penthouse and General Media Communications, Inc. expressly do not agree to any obligation of confidentiality, nonuse, nondisclosure, or any other restrictions with respect to any information and/or materials submitted to Penthouse or General Media Communications, Inc. Names, places, and identifying details in submissions may be changed at the editors' discretion. Any similarity between persons and events depicted in fiction or semifiction and real events or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., possessions, APO, and FPO--$32 for 12 issues; Canada, $56 for 12 issues (includes GST), elsewhere--$56 for 12 issues. Single copies: $8.99 ($9.99 Jan., June, Sept., and Dec. issues) in U.S., Canada, and elsewhere. Canadian GST registration #R126607902. To subscribe, report a subscription problem, or change address in the U.S., call toll-free 800-289-7368, outside the U.S., call 386-447-6361. Please direct all editorial correspondence and inquiries to Penthouse, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005. Tel: 212-702-6000.
Advertising offices: Penthouse, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.
Tel: 212-702-6000.
PENTHOUSE, the ThreeKey Logo, the OneKey Logo, Penthouse Pet, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc.
PRINTED IN CANADA.
Certificado de licitud de titulo No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernación, México. Reserva de titulo No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la direccion general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educación publica. 1279882

Penthouse.com has more than 35 years of your favorite Penthouse Pets, *Penthouse* videos in DVD-quality downloads—including the infamous *Caligula*—and an archive of sexy letters from readers. Go to Penthouse.com today for a free preview.

ENLARGEMENT FOR A LIFETIME
LONGER, THICKER, FIRMER

Size Can Be Up To 3 Inches Bigger.
Your Larger Size Can Be With You For A Lifetime.
Reach Your Maximum Potential



CAN YOU HAVE PERMANENT OR ENLARGEMENT FOR A LIFETIME RESULTS?

Dr. Bross advises erection size can be up to 3 inches bigger and can have enlargement for a lifetime when you continue to take PRO+PLUS PILLS. Customers have long lasting results in 3 to 4 months. Size can be bigger in less than 40 days. The longer you take PRO+PLUS you can have maximum lasting results. Special 360 days prices.

You can penetrate the most sensitive areas of a woman including her G-Spot. You can give her multiple orgasms and give you the confidence of being a better lover.

PRO+PLUS LQ ACCELERATOR LIQUID
Use with any Pro+Plus Pills and start to see results in just a few days.
ONLY $25.00 or FREE WITH ANY 360 DAYS SUPPLY OF PRO+PLUS PILLS

PRO+PLUS XTREME
IMMEDIATE FIRM ERECTIONS BE READY ANYTIME
Can Work In 30 Minutes. Effective Up To 12 Hours.
FREE BOTTLE WITH ANY PRO+PLUS FORMULA

PRO+PLUS MYTMAX TESTOSTERONE BOOSTER
Increase Sex Drive, Libido, Desire, Performance and Energy.
Longer-Lasting Erections.

100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

SUPER FORMULAS

SEXCITER LIQUID
Excites women.

- Can be taken by mouth or put in any liquid without detection, but you should get her permission.
- She can become excited and desire you.
- Our SEXCITER FOR MEN can help increase the male sex drive.

ATTRACT-A-MATE
Human pheromone makes women desire you.

- Used like cologne or after-shave the Pheromone fragrance drives women to you and makes you irresistible. You can ignite her wildest desires.
- It's done by scent alone, you don't have to say a word. Only you know the secret.
- You will be amazed how women can become passionate.

ULTRA PERFORM ERECTION CREAM
(apply directly to the penis)

- Can help increase blood flow to the penis for harder, thicker powerful erections.
- Heightens sensations with intense orgasms.
- Can help increase your sexual performance and help stop premature ejaculations.

www.proplusmedical.com
www.avidpromedical.com

CALL TOLL FREE ANYTIME
1-800-378-4689
1-818-342-2028 9 am-5 pm PST (M-F)

SEND ORDER FORM AND PAYMENT TO:
AVID PRO MEDICAL **dept. 412P5A**
Box 19010 Encino, CA 91416
Phone & Credit Card Orders specify products and dept. (shown above, next to company name).

☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Cash

CREDIT CARD NO. ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Amex ☐ Discover

EXPIRES: Month/Year **CVS CODE** 3-digit Security Code found on back of card or 4-digits on front of Amex

NAME (print) (I am over 18 and agree to the terms of avidpromedical.com)

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

EMAIL ADDRESS (optional) **PHONE NUMBER** (optional)

Orders discreetly shipped with UPS or Priority Mail. Foreign Orders – Add $25.00 S&H.

Choose Your PRO+PLUS Formula Quantity	MYTMAX Testosterone Booster	Original For men who are now 6 inches or more.	Advanced For the men with a size less than average.	Ultimate For men with any size penis. Does Not Contain Yohimbe And L-Arginine.	
60 Days Supply	☐ $45	☐ $50	☐ $60	☐ $80	$_____
120 Days Supply	☐ $80	☐ $90	☐ $110	☐ $140	$_____
240 Days Supply	☐ $110	☐ $130	☐ $160	☐ $200	$_____
360 Days Supply	☐ $150	☐ $170	☐ $210	☐ $240	$_____

PRO+PLUS LQ ACCELERATOR LIQUID
FREE with 360 Days supply PRO+PLUS PILLS
1 Bottle ☐ FREE Quantities ____ $25.00 ea. $_____

PRO+PLUS XTREME
FREE 8 Capsules With Any Other PRO+PLUS FORMULA
☐ FREE 1 Bottle (8 Capsules) ____ $14.95 $_____
1 Bottle 48 Capsules ____ $48.75 $_____

TOTAL PRO+PLUS PILLS: $_____

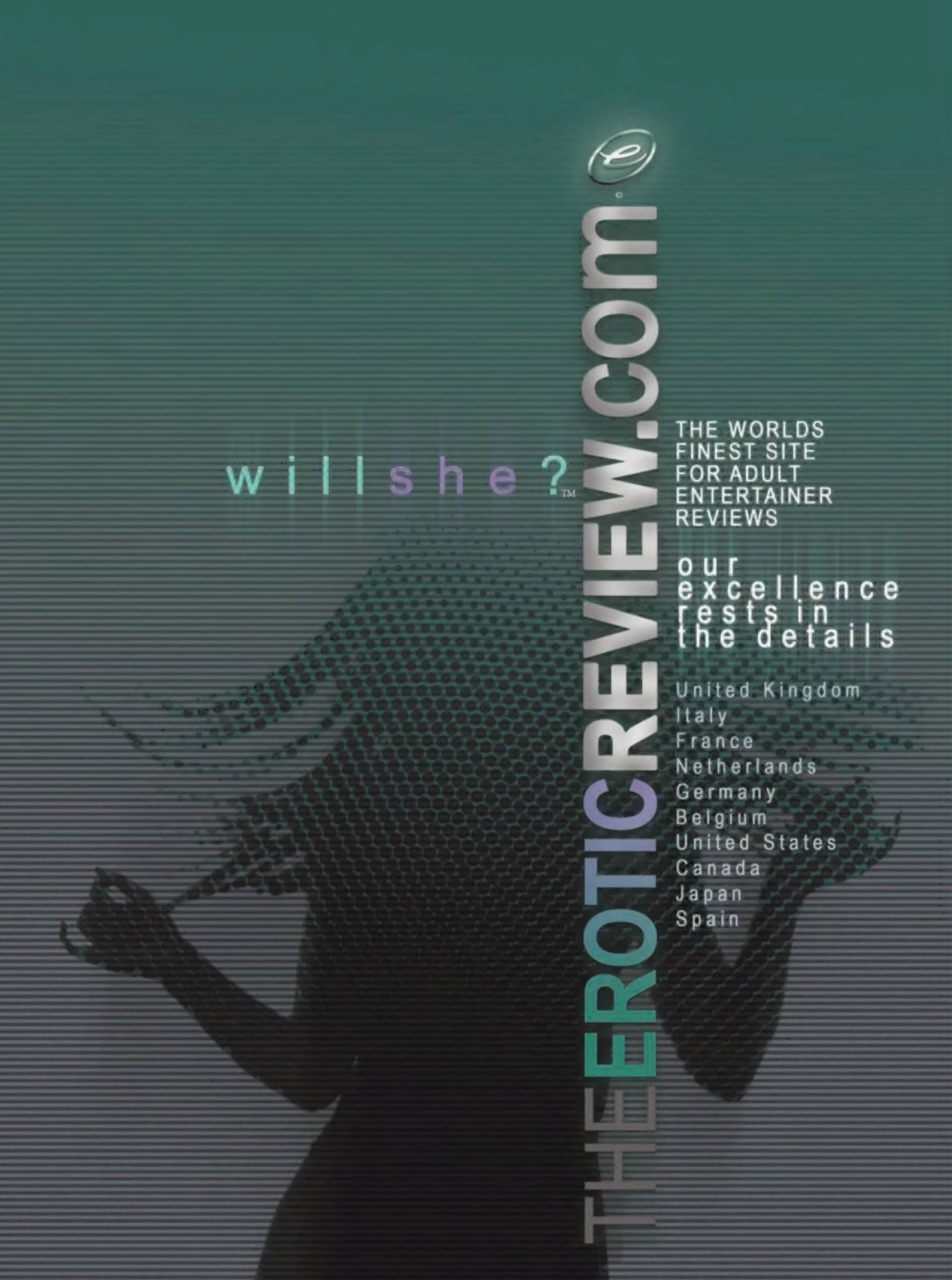
Super Formulas Only $25.00 Each Or Select ONE FREE With Any Pro+Plus Pills Order. Select Any THREE FREE With a 360 Days Supply of PRO+PLUS PILLS.
Please Specify Quantities
___ Sexciter Liquid to Excite Women ☐ FREE $_____
___ Attract-A-Mate to Attract Women ☐ FREE $_____
___ Perform Enhancement Cream ☐ FREE $_____

PRO+PLUS XTREME, LQ ACCELERATOR LIQUID and SUPER FORMULAS TOTAL: $_____
TOTAL PURCHASE: $_____
CA Residents add 9% sales tax: $_____
Shipping, Rush Service and Insurance $20.00 VALUE ONLY $ 14.95
TOTAL ENCLOSED OR CHARGED: $_____

COPYRIGHT ©1996 PRO+PLUS is a trade name of Avid Pro Medical. Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease. V62

EVERYTHING'S COMING UP ROSES

Working on this special Valentine's issue brought to mind our February 2008 cover, when we introduced March 2008 Pet of the Month Bree Olson by having her pose with a strategically placed bouquet of roses. Bree went on to cement her status as an industry heavyweight (as well as becoming one of Charlie Sheen's goddesses). Now, to accompany the roses photo, we present a few previously unpublished shots from Bree's photo shoot.


willshe?™
THEEROTICREVIEW.com
THE WORLDS FINEST SITE FOR ADULT ENTERTAINER REVIEWS
our excellence rests in the details
United Kingdom
Italy
France
Netherlands
Germany
Belgium
United States
Canada
Japan
Spain

WorldofWatches.com

Scubador Sport Chronograph (SL-10538S): Black Ion-Plated Steel Case, Orange Silicone Strap, Swiss-Made Quartz Movement, Water-Resistant to 100 Meters, **$125.00**